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The very Joyous, Pleaſant and Refreſhing *HISTORY* of the *Feats, Exploits, Triumphs and Atchievements* of the Good KNIGHT without Fear and without Reproach the gentle *Lord* DE BAYARD.

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Set forth in Engliſh by

Edward Cockburn Kinderſley.

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PROLOGUE.

THE Memoirs of Bayard, written, it is ſuppoſed, by his ſecretary, under the modeſt deſignation of "le loyal ſerviteur," firſt appeared in 1527, three years after the hero's death. The author was evidently an eye-witneſs of moſt of the ſcenes which he deſcribes, and his narrative poſſeſſes all the charm of an artiſt's ſketches from nature. Not only do we find the moſt intereſting pictures of the manners and cuſtoms, domeſtic, civil and military of the age, its fierce paſſions and gentle courteſies, its prevalent tone of moral and religious feeling; but we ſeem to be living amongſt the very individuals introduced to our

acquaintance. The graceful royal bearing and diſtinctive characteriſtics of the French kings, Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.; the loyal gallantry of their men-at-arms; the ſuſpicious jealouſy of the Emperor Maximilian, and the dogged pride of his German nobles; the Spaniards' boaſtful vapouring; the haughty ſpirit of Venice, and her juſt and politic rule of her own ſubjects; the ſteady diſcipline of the Swiſs; the reckleſs, profligate, pillaging adventurer; the half-ſavage Albanian; the mutinous lanſquenet; and the lofty character of the "good Knight," receiving the homage and admiration of all,—theſe are all touched off in more or leſs finiſhed ſketches with ſuch vividneſs and truth,

> "That aged ears play truant at his tales,
> And younger hearings are quite raviſhed,
> So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe."

I have endeavoured to preſerve in this condenſed tranſlation, but ſo as to avoid affectation, ſomething of the quaint ſimplicity of the old French chronicle; and I am not altogether without hope that my younger readers at leaſt may derive from the peruſal ſome portion of the

pleaſure and the profit it has afforded me. I commend to their imitation the character of my hero in the words quoted by the French Editor from a writer of the ſeventeenth century, who thus addreſſes his ſon deſtined for the career of arms; "*Je veux que ce ſoit la premiere hiſtoire que tu liſes et que tu me racontes. Tâche de l'imiter en ce que tu pourras. Il ne ſe peut faire de copie qui ne ſoit bonne ſur un ſi merveilleux original. Si tu ne peux arriver á ſa valeur, qui eſt hors d'exemple, ſois fidele á ton prince et debonnaire comme lui.*"

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The Hiſtory of the *Good Knight* without Fear and without Reproach.

CHAPTER I.

How the Seigneur de Bayard, father of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, would know of his children of what profeſſion they wiſhed to be; and how he ſent for his brother-in-law the Biſhop of Grenoble to conſult him.

THE country of Dauphiny, which now forms part of the fair realm of France,[1] abounds with good and gentle families; which have ſent forth ſo many virtuous and noble knights, that their renown is bruited throughout Chriſtendom. And as ſcarlet ſurpaſſes all other dyes, the Dauphineſe are called by all who know them (without diſparagement of other regions), the ſcarlet of the French nobility.

One of theſe families, of ancient and noble extraction, is that of Bayard. And well have thoſe who have ſprung from it maintained the honour of their houſe. For at the battle of Poictiers the great-great-grandfather of Pierre de Bayard, the good Knight without fear and without reproach, fell by the ſide of the French King John; at the battle of Agincourt was ſlain his great-grandfather; his grandfather was left on the field of Montlhèry with ſix mortal wounds, not to ſpeak of leſſer ones; and at the battle of Guignegaſte his father[2] was ſo ſeverely wounded, that he was never afterwards able to leave his houſe, where he died at the age of eighty.

Shortly before his death, believing that the period of his ſojourning on earth was drawing to a cloſe, he called for his four children in preſence of his wife, a lady devoted to God, the ſiſter of the Biſhop of Grenoble. His children being aſſembled before him, he aſked the eldeſt, who was of the age of eighteen, what he wiſhed to be; who replied, that he would wiſh never to leave the family houſe, but to wait on him to the end of his days. "Well George," ſaid the father, "ſince thou loveſt the old houſe, thou ſhalt "remain here to combat the bears." The ſecond, who was the good Knight without fear and without reproach, was aſked of what profeſſion he would be, who, at the age of little more than thirteen, as awake

as a young hawk, with a beaming countenance, anſwered as though he were fifty; "My lord and father, "much as filial love conſtrains me to forget every "thing in order to wait on you to the end of your life; "yet having enrooted in my heart the fine traits "which you daily recite of the noble men of days "paſt, particularly of thoſe of our own houſe, I will be, "if it pleaſes you, of the ſame profeſſion as yourſelf "and your predeceſſors, that of arms; for it is the "thing of all others I moſt deſire; and I hope, with "the aid of God's grace, not to diſhonour you." The good old man anſwered with tears, "My child, "may God's grace be with thee; already thou doſt re-"ſemble in face and figure thy grandfather, who was "in his time one of the moſt accompliſhed knights in "Chriſtendom. I will do my beſt to further thy "wiſhes." He aſked the third what eſtate he would follow. He anſwered, his wiſh was to follow that of his uncle, my lord d'Eſnay, an abbot near Lyons. His father granted it, and ſent him to his ſaid uncle, who made him a monk; and he was afterwards, through the means of the good Knight his brother, abbot of Joſaphat in the ſuburbs of Chartres. The youngeſt anſwered in like manner, that he wiſhed to be as his uncle, my lord of Grenoble, to whom he was accordingly given, and ſoon after by him made canon of the church of Notre Dame; and ſubſequently by

the ſame means as his brother the monk became abbot, he was made biſhop of Glandeſves in Provence. Now leave we the other three brothers, and return to the hiſtory of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

The day after this converſation of the father of the good Knight with his four ſons, and becauſe he could no longer get on horſeback, he diſpatched a ſervant to Grenoble to the Biſhop his brother-in-law, praying him to come to his chateau of Bayard, diſtant five or ſix leagues from Grenoble, as he had ſomething to ſay to him.

The good Biſhop, who was never in all his life weary of obliging any one, ſet out immediately on receipt of the letter for the Chateau Bayard, where he found his brother-in-law ſeated in an armchair by the fire, as old men are wont. After a cheerful evening ſpent together in company with ſeveral other gentlemen of Dauphiny, they retired to reſt till morning, when they aroſe and heard maſs, which was chanted by the Biſhop; for he daily ſaid maſs unleſs prevented by illneſs: and would to God that the prelates of the preſent day were all as good ſervants of God and as charitable to the poor as he was.

After maſs they waſhed their hands and ſat down to a hearty breakfaſt, at which the good Knight waited on them ſo diſcreetly and gracefully as gained the ap-

probation of all. The meal over and grace ſaid, the good old lord de Bayard addreſſed the company in theſe words. "My lord Biſhop and gentlemen, it is now "time that I ſhould ſtate the reaſon of my having re- "queſted your attendance; for you are all my rela- "tives and friends, and you ſee that age has ſo ſtricken "me that it is next to impoſſible I ſhould ſurvive "two years more. God has given me four ſons, "from each of whom I was deſirous of knowing what "profeſſion he wiſhed to follow. My ſon Pierre tells "me he would be a ſoldier, which gives me eſpecial "pleaſure, for he reſembles altogether in appearance "my lord my late father; and if he will reſemble him "as well in conduct and character, he cannot but be "a great man; at which I believe that each of you as "my good relatives and friends would heartily rejoice. "I muſt, as a firſt ſtep, place him in the family of "ſome prince or lord that he may learn to conduct "himſelf honourably, and when he is a little taller ac- "quire the ſcience of arms. I pray you therefore to "adviſe me where I may beſt place him." Then one recommended his being ſent to the King of France; another to the family of Bourbon; and ſo every one gave his advice. But the Biſhop at length ſpoke and counſelled his being ſent to the Duke Charles of Savoy; "who," he ſaid, "is our faſt friend, and will, "I think, gladly take him as one of his pages. He is

" at Chambery, hard by, and if it ſeem good to you " and the company, I will take him to the Duke to- " morrow morning, after having put him in complete " trim and ſupplied him with a good little charger " which I got a few-days ſince of the lord de Riage." The Biſhop's advice was approved by all the company as well as by the lord de Bayard, who delivered to him his ſon, ſaying, " Take him, my lord, and I " pray our Lord that he may do you honour."

The Biſhop forthwith ſent to the town for his tailor to come with velvet, ſatin, and other things requiſite for clothes for the good Knight.—He came and worked all night, ſo that next morning all was ready. After breakfaſt the boy mounted his charger, and preſented himſelf to the company who were in the court yard, in the ſame guiſe as though he were juſt going to be preſented to the Duke of Savoy. When the horſe felt ſuch a little ſprite upon him and the boy touched him with his ſpurs, he made three or four ſuch plunges, that the company thought he would throw the lad. But inſtead of his calling for help as they expected, he gave him boldly three or four pricks of the ſpur and a gallop round the court-yard, ſo that he brought the horſe to his bearings as if he had been a man of thirty. We need not inquire if the good old man was pleaſed. Smiling with joy, he aſked his ſon if he were not afraid, for he had only left ſchool

a fortnight. He anſwered with a fearleſs countenance, " My lord, I hope, by God's help, before ſix years " are over to ſpur him or another in more dangerous " places; for I am here amongſt friends, and I may " then be amid the enemies of him whom I ſhall " ſerve." " Come, come," ſaid the good Biſhop who was ready to ſet out, " my friend nephew, do not diſ- " mount, but take leave of all the company." Then the boy, with a joyous countenance, addreſſed his father; " My lord and father, I pray our Lord to " grant you a happy and long life, and me grace, that " before he takes you from this world you may hear " a good report of me." " God grant it, my boy," ſaid his father, and gave him his bleſſing. After which he took leave of all the gentlemen there, one by one.

The poor lady mother was in a tower of the caſtle, ſhedding tears of tenderneſs; for glad as ſhe was at her ſon's proſpects, her motherly love conſtrained her to weep. However, when they came to tell her that if ſhe wiſhed to ſee her ſon he was on horſeback ready to depart, the good lady went out at the back of the tower, and made them call her ſon to her, to whom ſhe addreſſed theſe words: " Pierre, my friend, you are " going to ſerve a gentle prince. I charge you to ob- " ſerve three things, which if you do, be aſſured you " will proſper. The firſt is, that before all things you " love, fear, and ſerve God, never offending Him if

" poſſible; for it is He who created us, in whom we " live, and who will ſave us; and without Him and " His grace we can do no good thing in this world. " Every morning and every evening commit yourſelf " to him and he will aid you. The ſecond is, that " you be gentle and courteous to all, putting away all " pride. Eſchew evil ſpeaking and falſehood. Be ſo- " ber and temperate. Flee envy, for it is an odious " vice. Be neither a flatterer, nor an informer; for ſuch " people ſeldom come to good. Be true and loyal in " word and deed. Keep your promiſe. Succour poor " widows and orphans, and God will recompenſe it to " you. The third thing is, that of the goods which " God ſhall give you, you be charitable to the poor " and needy; for to give for his ſake, makes no man " poor; and take this from me, my child, that the alms " you give will profit you in body and ſoul. This is " all I have to charge you; I am perſuaded that your " father and I ſhall not long ſurvive; God grant that " while we live we may always have a good report of " you." Then the good Knight, young as he was, anſwered her, " My lady mother, I thank you moſt " humbly for your good counſel, and hope ſo well to " follow it that by His grace to whoſe keeping you " commend me, you ſhall be content; and ſo, humbly " commending myſelf to your good favour, I take " my leave."

Then the good lady drew out of her ſleeve a little purſe, in which were only ſix crowns in gold and one in ſilver, which ſhe gave to her ſon. She then called one of the ſervants of the Biſhop her brother, and gave into his charge a ſmall valiſe in which was ſome linen for her ſon. Meanwhile the Biſhop of Grenoble took leave of the company and called his nephew, who beſtriding his handſome charger thought himſelf in paradiſe; and ſo they went ſtraight to Chambery where was the Duke Charles of Savoy.

CHAPTER II.

How the Biſhop of Grenoble preſented his nephew the good Knight to the Duke Charles of Savoy who received him gladly and made him his page; and how the Duke afterwards preſented him to the King of France.

LEAVING the Chateau Bayard on a Saturday after breakfaſt, the Biſhop of Grenoble made ſuch good ſpeed that he arrived at the town of Chambery the ſame evening. The next day being Sunday he roſe early, and went to pay his reſpects to the Duke of Savoy, who received him in a manner which ſhowed how delighted he was at his coming. They went together to the church to hear maſs, where, as became the Duke's princely rank, the Biſhop adminiſtered the hoſt to him and gave him the Goſpel to kiſs. After maſs ſaid, the Duke took the Biſhop to dine with him; during which ceremony the good Knight his nephew ſerved him as his cupbearer ſo

gracefully that the Duke obſerved it, and aſked the Biſhop who he was. "My lord," replied he, "it is a "man at arms whom I am come to preſent to you for "your ſervice if you pleaſe. But he is not in the "guiſe in which I ſhould wiſh to give him to you; "after dinner if it is your pleaſure you ſhall ſee him." "Truly," ſaid the Duke, "he would be a ſtrange fel- "low who would refuſe ſuch a preſent." The good Knight, who had already had his uncle's wiſhes intimated to him, did not ſtay to amuſe himſelf with the delicacies after dinner, but went to his lodging and had his charger ſaddled, upon which, when he had fully capariſoned him, he mounted, and rode featly into the court yard of the Duke's houſe. The Duke having already quitted the table, ſaw from a gallery the young boy enter making his horſe curvet ſo that he ſeemed a man of thirty who had ſeen war all his life. "My "lord of Grenoble," ſaid he, "I think that is your "little protegè that manages his horſe ſo well." "My lord," replied the Biſhop, "he is my nephew; of a "good race, which has ſent forth gentle knights. "His father, whoſe health is ſo prematurely under- "mined by wounds received in battle that he cannot "come to pay his reſpects to you, very humbly com- "mends himſelf to your good grace, and makes you a "preſent of him." "And in good faith," replied the Duke, "I accept it gladly. 'Tis a good and fair pre-

" ſent. God make him a true man." He then commanded one of his moſt truſty ſquires to look to young Bayard, expreſſing his opinion that he would be one day a man of renown.

The good Knight continued his page for the ſpace of half a year, and made himſelf beloved by great and ſmall. There was neither page nor lord who could in all things compare with him; for he leaped, wreſtled, threw the bar, (conſidering his ſize,) and put his horſe through all his paces, ſo as none could excel him. So that his good maſter loved him as a ſon.

One day the Duke of Savoy determined to go and viſit the King of France at Lyons, where he then was with his princes and nobles leading a joyous life, holding jouſts and tournaments daily, and in the evening dancing with the fair and gracious ladies of the neighbourhood. And to ſay truth, the young King Charles the Eighth was one of the beſt, moſt courteous, liberal and charitable princes that were ever ſeen or read of. He loved and feared God, and never ſwore but *by the faith of his body*, or ſome ſuch little oath. And great pity was it that death ſo ſoon carried him off, as it did before the age of eight and twenty; for had he lived long, he would have atchieved great things.

The King Charles, learning that the Duke of Savoy was coming to ſee him, ſent the lord de Ligny, a gentle prince of the houſe of Luxembourg, with ſeveral

other gentlemen and archers of his guard to meet him, who found him about ten leagues from Lyons. As they journeyed together, the lord de Ligny remarked young Bayard and his charger, and was ſo charmed with them that he recommended the Duke to make a preſent of both to the King, which the Duke reſolved to do.

As they entered Lyons, the ſtreets were filled with people and the windows with ladies to ſee them paſs. For, without exaggeration, this Duke of Savoy was a fine handſome prince, of good parts, and princely bearing. They diſmounted at his lodgings where he retained the lord de Ligny and ſeveral other lords and gentlemen to ſupper, during which came minſtrels and ſingers of the king to entertain the company. In the evening they played at various games and paſtimes; and when wine and ſpices had been brought, each retired to his own lodgings.

The next morning being Thurſday, the Duke of Savoy went, conducted by the lords de Ligny and Aveſnes, to pay his reſpects to the King, who embraced him ſaying; "My couſin and friend, you are right "welcome; I am delighted to ſee you, and upon my "life you have done well to come; for had you not, "I was minded to go and ſee you in your own coun-"try, where I ſhould have occaſioned you much trou-"ble and annoyance." To which the good Duke re-

plied, "My lord, that were difficult; all the regret I "ſhould have had at your arrival in my country, which "being mine is yours, would have been only that you "could not have been received as becomes ſo high and "mighty a prince; but I aſſure you that my heart, "body, goods and talents, ſuch as God has given me, "are at your diſpoſal, as entirely as thoſe of the leaſt "of your ſubjects." For which the King, colouring a little, thanked him. They mounted their mules and went together to the convent of Grey Friars, which the King and his loyal ſpouſe, Anne Ducheſs of Brittany, had largely endowed, where they devoutly heard maſs. After which the King kept the Duke of Savoy and the lords de Ligny and Aveſnes to dine with him. During dinner they had much diſcourſe of dogs, hawks, arms and amours; and amongſt other things the lord de Ligny mentioned to the King the page and his gallant charger, which the Duke of Savoy deſired to preſent to him. "By the faith of my body," ſaid the King, "I ſhould like to ſee him."

When this was told to Bayard, who was not then in the preſence, he could not have been more pleaſed had he won the town of Lyons. He went forthwith to the Duke's head groom, named Pizou de Chenas, and told him the King wiſhed to ſee his charger and himſelf upon him; and begged him to have him well groomed, and he would willingly give him his ſhort dagger. The

head groom replied, " Bayard, my friend, keep your " poignard, I'll none of it, I thank you; only go you, " dreſs your hair, and make yourſelf ſmart, for your " horſe ſhall be in right good order; and God grant " the King of France may take you this hour into his " favor, for it may lead to much good fortune to you, " and by God's help you may become as great a lord " as I anticipate." " By my faith," ſaid the good Knight, " I ſhall never forget the courteſies you have " done me ſince I came into my lord's family; and if " God ever gives me means, you ſhall have proof of " it." He then went up to his room, where he cleaned his accoutrements, combed his hair, and dreſſed himſelf as gracefully as he could, waiting for news, which were not long in arriving; for in two or three hours came the Duke of Savoy's ſquire of the ſtables, who was Bayard's governor, to ſeek him, and found him all ready. He ſaid to him quite ſorrowfully, " Bayard, " my friend, I ſee I ſhall not keep you, for I hear " that my lord has already made a preſent of you to the " King, who deſires to ſee you and your charger in " the meadow of Eſnay. I am not grieved at your ad- " vancement, but by my faith I am very ſorry to part " with you. To which young Bayard replied, " My " lord ſquire, God give me grace to continue in thoſe " virtuous practices you have taught me from the hour " that my lord gave you charge of me; for then by

" his aid, you will never have cauſe to be aſhamed of " me. And if I am ever in a ſituation to do you ſer- " vice, you ſhall have ſubſtantial proof how much I " feel my obligations to you.". They then mounted their horſes and went to wait for the King and his company in the meadow of Eſnay, for the prince proceeded thither by water on the Soane. As ſoon as he got out of the boat, and ſaw young Bayard on his charger, he cried out, " Friend page, give your horſe the ſpur," which he did forthwith. You would have thought, to ſee him ſtart, he had been at the practice all his life. At the end of the courſe he made his horſe give two or three bounds, and then returned full gallop towards the King, and ſtopped ſhort before him, making his horſe paſſage; ſo that not only the King but all the company were delighted. The King called to him, " *Picque, picque encore un coup;*" upon which the pages cried out, " *Picquez, picquez;*" ſo that for ſome time after he was ſurnamed Picquet. The King ſaid to the Duke, " Truly, couſin, it is impoſſible to manage " a horſe better; I ſhall not wait till you give me your " page and his horſe, but beg them of you." He then committed both page and horſe into the charge of the lord de Ligny, who humbly thanked the King, for he deemed well he would make ſuch a man of him as would do him honour; an expectation which was well fulfilled in divers places.

Three years only was the good Knight page in the family of the lord de Ligny, who, when he reached the age of ſeventeen, diſcharged him from pagehood and appointed him of his company; but ſtill retained him as a gentleman of his houſehold.

CHAPTER III.

How a gentleman of Burgundy named maſter Claude de Vaudray came to Lyons by permiſſion of the King of France, to proclaim a paſſage of arms on horſeback and on foot, and hung up his ſhields,[1] that thoſe who touched them might be received to combat; and how the good Knight, three days after he ceaſed to be page, touched all the ſhields.

THE Duke of Savoy remained ſome time at Lyons, making good cheer as well with the King as with the princes and lords of France. Thinking it time to return to his own country, he aſked permiſſion to take his leave, which was granted him very reluctantly: but there is no ſuch good company, but the hour of ſeparation will arrive. The King made him handſome and honorable preſents, for he was full of liberality; and ſo the good Duke Charles of Savoy returned to his own dominions.

The King of France made a progreſs through his kingdom, and two or three years after reviſited Lyons,

where there arrived a gentleman of Burgundy named maſter Claude de Vaudray, a man ſkilled in the ſcience of arms, and devoted to it. He prayed the King that to keep all the young gentlemen from idleneſs, he would permit him to proclaim a paſſage of arms, as well on horſeback as on foot, with lance and battle axe; which was granted him; for the good King, next to the ſervice of God of which he was very obſervant, deſired nothing better than ſuch joyous paſtime. This maſter Claude de Vaudray arranged matters to the beſt of his ability, and ſuſpended his ſhields, which all gentlemen who deſired to diſplay their ſkill came to touch, and had their names inſcribed by the king at arms who preſided.

One day the good Knight was paſſing by the ſhields, when he thought to himſelf, "Alas! if I knew how "to equip myſelf, I would gladly touch theſe ſhields, "to have a leſſon in the uſe of arms." And he ſtopped ſhort in deep thought. A companion of his, Bellabre, who had alſo been educated by the lord de Ligny, aſked him what he was thinking of. "By my faith, "my friend," replied he, "it has pleaſed my lord to "diſmiſs me from my pagehood, and by his favour to "appoint me in all things appertaining to a gentleman; "but a deſire has ſeized me to touch maſter Claude's "ſhields, and I know not, when I ſhall have done ſo, "who will furniſh me with armour and horſes." Bel-

labre, who was older than he, and a right bold gentleman (for I would have all readers of this history to know, that of fifty gentlemen brought up by the lord de Ligny thirty were valiant and virtuous commanders), replied, "My friend and companion, are these your "thoughts? have you not your uncle the fat Abbot "of Esnay? I vow we will go to him, and if he will "not supply the money, we'll take his cross and mi-"tre; but I think when he knows your wish he will "give it willingly." Upon these words the good Knight went and touched the shields.

Mountjoy, king at arms, who was there to inscribe the names, began to say to him, "How! my friend "Bayard, your beard is but three years old, and do "you undertake to fight with master Claude, who is "one of the roughest knights known?" "Mountjoy, "my friend," replied he, "what I do is not from pride "or overboldness, but only from a desire to learn the "science of arms by degrees from those who can teach "me; and if it please God, he will give me grace to "do something which may gratify the ladies." At which Mountjoy laughed and was right well pleased. The report that Bayard had touched master Claude's shields, ran through Lyons, and reached the ears of the lord de Ligny, who would not have taken ten thousand crowns for the news. He went directly to tell the King, who was delighted, and said to him: "By

" the faith of my body, couſin de Ligny, your pupil " will do you honour ſome day, to judge by his cou- " rage." " We ſhall ſee what will come of it," ſaid the lord de Ligny; " he is young yet to ſtand the " blows of maſter Claude."

However it was much eaſier for the good Knight to touch the ſhields, than to find the money to procure horſes and accoutrements. The next morning early he and Bellabre got into one of the little Lyons boats and were rowed to Eſnay. When they diſembarked, the firſt perſon they found in the meadow was the Abbot, who was reciting his breviary with one of his monks. The two gentlemen went to ſalute him, but he, who had heard the ſtory and ſuſpected he would have to come down with the money, received them but coolly, and addreſſing his nephew, ſaid, " Well, " maſter Scapegrace, what has made you ſo bold as to " touch maſter Claude de Vaudray's ſhields? It is " but three days ſince you were a page, and you are " but ſeventeen or eighteen, and ſhould be whipped " for your preſumption." To which the good Knight anſwered, " My lord, I pledge you my word that " pride has not urged me to this boldneſs, but the " deſire to attain by deeds of virtue to the honour " which your and my anceſtors have acquired. I pray " you, my lord, ſeeing that I have no relative or friend " but you to whom I can at this moment have re-

" courſe, that you would be pleaſed to aid me with " ſome money to get what is neceſſary for me." " By " my faith," replied the Abbot, " you may go ſeek " elſewhere ſome one to lend you money; the alms " given by the founders of this abbey were for the " ſervice of God, and not to be ſpent in jouſts and " tournaments." Theſe words of the Abbot were taken up by Bellabre, who ſaid, " My lord, had it not been " for the virtues and atchievements of your anceſtors, " you would not have been Abbot of Eſnay. We muſt " evince gratitude for the favours we have received, " and ſo we may hope to experience it for thoſe we " confer. Your nephew, my companion, is of good " family, well beloved by the King and by my lord " our maſter; he wiſhes to diſtinguiſh himſelf; at " which you ſhould rejoice. You muſt needs aſſiſt " him, for it can but coſt you two hundred crowns to " equip him well, and he may do you honour that " may be worth ten thouſand." After much diſcuſſion the Abbot conſented to aſſiſt him, and gave him a purſe of one hundred crowns to buy two horſes, and a letter to his agent Laurençin to ſupply him with clothes and accoutrements; of which they loſt no time in availing themſelves.

The Abbot was right glad to be rid of his nephew, and ordered dinner; at which he told the company what had paſſed that morning. " By my faith, my

" lord," ſaid his ſecretary, " you have done well. He " will follow the example of that gallant man your " grandfather, and all his kindred. I ſee but one fault " in the matter. He is young and headſtrong. You " have written to Laurençin to give him what he aſks " for. I am ſure he will, though it were two thouſand " crowns; and I fear he may take more than you in- " tend." " By ſaint James, ſecretary," ſaid the Abbot, after a moment's reflection, " you are right, for I for- " got to mention any limit; call my ſteward." He came immediately. " Nicholas," ſaid the Abbot, " go " to town to Laurençin, and tell him, I wrote to him " this morning to give my nephew Bayard ſome " equipments for maſter Claude's tournay. Deſire him " not to exceed eighty or a hundred francs; and make " haſte." The ſteward ſet out directly, but he was too late. On his return to Eſnay he found there the company he had left. " Well, Nicholas," ſaid the Abbot, " have you told Laurençin?" " Yes, my lord, but I " was too late; your nephew had already made his " fairing to the amount of only eight hundred francs." " Eight hundred francs! ſaint Mary," ſaid the Abbot, " he is a naughty varlet. Quick! you know his " quarters; go and find him, and tell him if he does " not immediately return Laurençin what he has " taken, he ſhall never have another ſous from me."

The ſteward came to Lyons as he was deſired,

thinking to find his man, who, doubting the turn the matter might take, had deſired his ſervants, if any of my lord d'Eſnay's people came to aſk for him to make every excuſe to prevent their getting ſpeech of him. When the ſteward came to inquire for him, they ſaid he was at my lord de Ligny's. Thither he went but did not find him. When he returned they told him he was gone to try ſome horſes the other ſide of the Rhone. In ſhort, he came more than ten times without finding him, and then perceiving they were making a fool of him, he returned to Eſnay and told the Abbot it was loſt time to ſeek his nephew, for he choſe to hide himſelf. "Ah!" ſaid the Abbot, "upon my word he is a bad youth, but he ſhall repent "it." However he had nothing for it but to digeſt his wrath as beſt he could.

CHAPTER IV.

How the good Knight bore himſelf fairly againſt maſter Claude de Vaudray; and how the lord de Ligny ſent him into garriſon in Picardy, to his company, where he was quartered in a pretty little town called Ayre.

AS ſoon as the good Knight and his companion had got what they wanted from Laurençin, they haſtened away, and ordered three ſuits of accoutrements for each to wear over his armour; for the good Knight would have his companion wear his colours. They then went to a gentleman of Piedmont who, having broken his leg, was deſirous of ſelling a charger and roadſter he had. The horſes were tried, and purchaſed for one hundred and ten crowns; and taken to their ſtables where they were well groomed.

Three days after, maſter Claude de Vaudray opened his paſſage of arms, at which he was encountered by many gallant gentlemen of the houſehold of King Charles; ſuch as the ſeneſchal Galyot, the young

Bonneval, Saudricourt, Chatillon, Bourdillon and many others, who, as you may ſuppoſe, did their beſt; for by the laws of the tournay each, as he finiſhed his bout, was obliged to be led along the liſts, his viſor up, that it might be known who he was who had done well or ill.

The good Knight, being ſcarce eighteen, which was very young, (for he was ſtill growing, and was naturally ſpare and pale,) entered the liſts like the others, and there made his firſt eſſay. And a pretty rough commencement it was, for he had to do with one of the moſt ſkilful and doughty warriors in the world. Yet, I know not how it was, whether it were the will of God to give him favour, or whether maſter Claude de Vaudray took pleaſure in him, but there was no man during the whole conteſt who ſurpaſſed him either on horſeback or on foot. And he won the praiſes of the ladies of Lyons; for as he paſſed along the liſts after having done his devoir, with his viſor up, and bluſhing, the ladies honoured him by ſaying, "Look at this baſhful ſtripling, he has done "better than all the others." And he acquired ſo much favour with all the company that at ſupper the good King Charles ſaid to the lord de Ligny, "By "the faith of my body, couſin, Bayard has made a "good beginning. I never in all my life made you ſo "good a preſent as when I gave him to you." To

which the ſaid lord replied, " Sire, if he turns out well, " it will be more to your honour than mine; for your " praiſe of him has made him undertake all this. " God grant he may continue as he has begun. But " his uncle the Abbot is not very well pleaſed, for " he has had his crowns and accoutrements at his " coſt." At which the King, who had already heard the ſtory, laughed heartily, as did all the company.

One morning after this tournay the lord de Ligny ſent for the good Knight, to whom he ſaid; " Pic- " quet, my friend, your commencement has been ſuc- " ceſsful enough; but arms require continual practice; " and while I yet retain you of my houſehold at three " hundred francs a year and three horſes found you, I " have put you into my company. I wiſh you to go to " the garriſon, and ſee your comrades. You will find " there as valiant ſoldiers as any in Chriſtendom, and " who are always practiſing in jouſts and tournays for " the love of honour and the ladies. I think that " till there be ſome ſound of war, you cannot do bet- " ter." The good Knight, who wiſhed nothing better, replied, " My lord, for all the favours and honours " that you have conferred on me I can only return " you my moſt humble thanks, and pray our Lord to " recompenſe them to you. But now the wiſh of my " heart is to join the company you ſpeak of; for from " all I hear of it, I cannot be there ſo ſhort a time, but

" that I ſhall be the better for it all my life; and if it " be your good pleaſure I will ſet out to-morrow." " By all means," ſaid the lord de Ligny, " but you " muſt firſt take leave of the King; and I will conduct " you to him after dinner."

They found the King juſt riſing from table, to whom the lord de Ligny ſaid, " Sire, here is your " Picquet, who is going to ſee his companions in Pic- " ardy, and would take leave of you." The good Knight with a ſerene countenance kneeled down. The King regarded him with ſatisfaction, and ſaid ſmiling, " Picquet, my friend, may God continue in you " what I have ſeen begun, and you will be a man of " note. You are going to a country where there are " lovely dames; quit yourſelf ſo as to gain their good " graces; and God be with you." " I humbly thank " you, Sire," anſwered the good Knight. He was then embraced by all the princes and lords and many gentlemen to whom his leaving the court occaſioned great regret; but not ſo to himſelf, for he was impatient to be gone. The King ſent for one of his grooms of the chamber, and deſired him to pay over to the good Knight three hundred crowns, and to deliver to him one of the handſomeſt horſes in his ſtable. The good Knight gave the groom of the chamber thirty crowns, and ten to him who brought him the horſe; a liberality which all who knew it praiſed marvellouſly. The lord

de Ligny took him back to his lodging, and ſpent the evening in giving him good counſel as though he had been his ſon; recommending him above all things to have honour ever before his eyes. This charge he obſerved faithfully to his death. At length when it was time to retire to reſt, the lord de Ligny embraced him with tears in his eyes, and the good Knight on bended knee took leave of him, and returned to his lodging, where all his companions were aſſembled to bid him adieu; which they did not without much embracing. Aſcending to his room, he found there the lord de Ligny's tailor with two complete ſuits which his maſter had ſent him. He begged him to thank his lord for this handſome preſent, and drawing out his purſe gave him twenty crowns.

One of his ſervants then informed him that William the groom had brought to his ſtable a fine charger which the ſame lord had ſent him; but that his ſervices being required at home he could not wait, but would come and ſpeak with him in the morning. "Then he "will not find me," ſaid he, "for I muſt be on horſe-"back at the firſt dawn of day." So he gave ten crowns to the tailor, deſiring him to give them to William the groom, and to ſalute for him all the noble houſehold of his lord; which the tailor promiſed to do.

As ſoon as he was gone the good Knight had his valiſes packed and all prepared for an early departure,

and betook himſelf to bed, where he had little reſt, for it was then near midnight. On riſing, the firſt thing he did was to ſend on his chargers, of which he had ſix, and his baggage; and he himſelf when he had taken leave of his hoſt and hoſteſs, followed with five or ſix handſome courſers. His companion Bellabre was ready as ſoon as he, and accompanied him to Breſle, when they dined, and then took leave of one another; but it was no great leave taking, for Bellabre propoſed to follow him in two or three days, waiting only for a couple of chargers he expected from Spain.

The good Knight proceeded by eaſy ſtages on account of his chargers; and when he arrived within three leagues of the town of Ayre, ſent on one of his people to ſecure lodgings. When the gentlemen of the troop knew that he was near, the greater part of them got on horſeback to go and meet him; ſuch a deſire had they to ſee him. There were above a hundred and twenty, all young gentlemen, who met him about half a league from the town. They brought him thither merrily, all the ladies being at the windows; for they had heard of the noble heartedneſs of the good Knight, and each one longed to ſee him; which they did, but not ſo much at their eaſe as afterwards. The good Knight was conducted to his lodging where ſupper was already prepared. Some of his companions remained, and entertained him joyouſly,

congratulating him on his ſucceſs with maſter Claude de Vaudray, and applauding him marvellouſly. He however ſhowed no ſigns of being elated, but replied courteouſly, " My lords and comrades, you give me " unmerited praiſe, to which I have as yet but little " claim. But, if it pleaſe our Lord, by your help I " may one day be numbered amongſt men of repute." They then changed the converſation, and one of the company, Tardieu, beſought the good Knight to give a tournay; which he readily promiſed to do if Tardieu would ſend him a trumpet the next morning, and they had permiſſion from their captain. " Trouble " not yourſelf about permiſſion," ſaid Tardieu; " cap- " tain Louis d'Ars has given it to us once for all, for " it is for no bad purpoſe. He is not here at pre- " ſent, but will be within four days. If there be any- " thing wrong, I take it upon myſelf." The company remained in converſation till they heard midnight ſound; and then took leave of one another till next morning, when Tardieu did not fail to repair to the quarters of the good Knight, with a trumpet of the troop; and the firſt good morrow he gave him was, " Comrade, no more excuſes, here is your man."

CHAPTER V.

How the good Knight had proclaimed in Ayre a tournay for love of the ladies, at which there were prizes for the beſt doers, a bracelet of gold and a handſome diamond to preſent to their ladies.

ALTHOUGH the good Knight had much need of repoſe after his long journey, he ſlept not much that night for thinking how his tournay ſhould be ordered; and when Tardieu came in the morning with the trumpet he found the terms already written out. They were as follows. PIERRE DE BAYARD, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND PUPIL AT ARMS, NATIVE OF DAUPHINY, OF THE ORDONNANCE COMPANIES[1] OF THE KING OF FRANCE, UNDER THE CHARGE AND COMMAND OF THE HIGH AND MIGHTY LORD, MY LORD DE LIGNY, HEREBY PROCLAIMS A TOURNAY UNDER THE WALLS OF THE TOWN OF AYRE FOR ALL COMERS, ON THE TWENTIETH DAY OF JULY, OF THREE TILTS WITH SHARPENED LANCE IN OPEN LISTS AND IN FULL ARMOUR, AND TWELVE BLOWS OF

THE SWORD; THE WHOLE ON HORSEBACK. AND TO THE BEST DOER HE GIVES A GOLD BRACELET ENAMELLED OF HIS COLOURS, OF THIRTY CROWNS' WEIGHT. THE NEXT DAY THERE WILL BE A COMBAT ON FOOT WITH LANCE THRUSTS AT A BARRIER OF THE HEIGHT OF THE NAVEL; AND WHEN THE LANCES ARE BROKEN, TO BE CONTINUED WITH BATTLE AXE AT THE DISCRETION OF THE JUDGES AND THOSE WHO KEEP THE GROUND. AND TO THE BEST DOER HE GIVES A DIAMOND OF THE VALUE OF FORTY CROWNS.

When Tardieu had read the conditions of the tournay, he exclaimed, "By heaven, comrade, not Launce-"lot, Triſtan or Gawen ever did better. Trumpet, "go and proclaim this in the town here, and then "from garriſon to garriſon, for three days, to give no-"tice to all our friends."

You muſt know that there were at that time in Picardy ſeven or eight hundred men at arms; to wit, the company of the mareſchal des Cordes, the Scotch guards, the company of the lord de la Paliſſe, a virtuous and ſucceſsful commander; and many others. Thoſe who were minded to appear at the tournay had but eight or ten days to prepare themſelves; but nevertheleſs there were forty or fifty men at arms in the liſts. Meanwhile there arrived that gentle knight the captain Louis d'Ars, right glad to have come in time for the ſport; and Bellabre alſo, to the great joy of the com-

pany. They amuſed themſelves daily in making trials of their horſes, and giving banquets to the ladies, in which the good Knight acquitted himſelf ſo well that the ladies of the town and neighbourhood praiſed him above all others; but this never ſtirred his pride.

At length came the wiſhed for day of the tournay, and each ranged himſelf at the liſts. One of the judges was the good captain Louis d'Ars, and the Scotch lord Saint Quentin the other. The gentlemen who appeared at the liſts were forty ſix in number, and were divided by fair lot into two parties of twenty three on each ſide. When they were ready to commence, the trumpet ſounded and proclaimed the rules of the tournay.

The good Knight was firſt called on to preſent himſelf in the liſts, and againſt him came a neighbour of his from Dauphiny, named Tartarin, a very ſtout man at arms. They ran their courſe at one another ſo that Tartarin broke his lance half a foot from the iron head; and the good Knight ſtruck him on the top of the great gardebras,[1] and ſhivered his lance into five or ſix pieces; at which the trumpets ſounded impetuouſly, for it was a wondrous beautiful jouſt.

When they had ſupplied themſelves with freſh lances they returned for the ſecond courſe: and it was Tartarin's fortune to break the gardebras of the good Knight at the elbow, and all the company thought his arm was pierced. The good Knight ſtruck him over the viſor,

and carried away a little creſt full of plumes. The third lance was as well or better broken than the others.

When theſe had finiſhed their courſes Bellabre preſented himſelf, and was oppoſed by a Scotch gentleman, the captain David de Fougar. Theſe likewiſe broke their three lances in the beſt poſſible ſtyle. And ſo they jouſted two and two till all had run their courſes. Then came the ſword fight; and as before the good Knight commenced. With the third blow he broke his ſword in two pieces, and altogether did his devoir ſo as could not be ſurpaſſed. Then came the others in their order; and it was agreed by all the ſpectators as well as by the two judges that there was never ſeen a day of better tilting with the lance, or fighting with the ſword. And though each did right well, the beſt were the good Knight, Bellabre, Tartarin, the captain David, one of the company of my lord des Cordes named the Baſtard de Chimay, and Tardieu.

In the evening all retired to the quarters of the good Knight, who had prepared a magnificent ſupper at which were throngs of ladies; for all the ladies of Picardy for ten leagues round came to ſee this ſplendid tournay, and made great and ſumptuous cheer. After ſupper there were dances and divers other entertainments, ſo that it ſtruck one hour after midnight before any one flagged. Then they retired to their quarters one after another conducting the ladies to their ſeveral

places of repoſe. It was late enough next morning before the fair dames were well awake; and they ceaſed not to extol marvellouſly the good Knight as well for his proweſs as his courteſy, for a more gracious and courteous gentleman could not be found in the world.

The next day all the warriors met at the quarters of their captain Louis d'Ars, where they found the good Knight, who had come to invite him and the lord de Saint Quentin to dine with him in company with the ladies who had been his gueſts the preceding day. The invitation was readily accepted. They then went to maſs; and this over, you might have ſeen the young gentlemen give their arms to the ladies and conduct them, diſcourſing of love and other joyous matters, to the quarters of the good Knight; when if they made good cheer the evening before, they made better now at dinner. Neither lords nor ladies tarried after dinner, for about two o'clock all who were of the tournay ranged themſelves for the ſecond day's performance, in which he who deſpaired of having obtained the firſt day's prize, hoped to win that of the ſecond.

When the judges, lords and ladies had arrived, the good Knight began as before; and againſt him came a gentleman of Hainault of much repute, called Henotin de Sucker. They thruſt with all their ſtrength at one another over the barrier, till their lances were broken in pieces; after which they ſeized their battle-

axes, and dealt each other ſuch ſtout and furious blows that the combat ſeemed mortal. At length the good Knight ſtruck his adverſary ſuch a blow over the ear as made him reel, and what was worſe fall on both knees, and then following up his attack over the barrier he made him kiſs the ground, would he or not; which the judges ſeeing, cried out, "Hold! hold! "enough! retire!"

After theſe two came Bellabre and Arnalton of Pierreforade, a gentleman of Gaſcony, who did wonders with their lances, which were ſoon broken. Then they came to heavy blows of their battle-axes, but Bellabre broke his, and therefore the judges parted them. Next came Tardieu and David of Scotland, who did their devoir right well; as did each in his turn, ſo that it was ſeven o'clock before all had finiſhed. And for a little tournay, thoſe who were there ſaw as good performance as they ever beheld in their lives.

When all was over they retired to their ſeveral quarters to diſarm, and then betook themſelves to thoſe of the good Knight where the banquet awaited them, and the two judges and the ladies were already arrived. After ſupper came the awarding and declaring by the judges, who had won the prizes. The gentlemen experienced in arms were appealed to upon their faith, and then the ladies upon their conſcience, and without favor ſhewn to one more than

another, to declare their opinions. The reſult was, that gentlemen and ladies agreed that though each had done his devoir as well as it was poſſible, yet in their judgment the good Knight was the beſt in both days; wherefore they referred it to him, as having gained the prizes, to beſtow his preſents where he thought fit.

There was great conteſt of ceremony between the two judges, as to who ſhould pronounce the ſentence; but the good captain Louis d'Ars at length prevailed on the lord de Saint Quentin to undertake it. The herald's trumpet ſounded for ſilence, and the lord de Saint Quentin ſpoke thus: "My lords, all who are "here aſſembled, and you who have taken part in the "tournay, my lord d'Ars and I, as the judges ap- "pointed by all of you to give fair ſentence in the "awarding of the prizes, announce to you that after "having well and duly enquired of all the virtuous "and honourable gentlemen who witneſſed your deeds "of arms, and likewiſe of the noble ladies whom you "ſee here preſent; we have decided that each has "done his devoir as well as it was poſſible to do; "but the common voice is, that above all the lord de "Bayard, (not to diſparage the others) has acquitted "himſelf beſt on both days; wherefore lords and "ladies remit to him the honor of beſtowing the "prizes where he thinks good."—Then addreſſing

the good Knight, he ſaid, "My lord de Bayard, "decide to whom you will give them." He was quite overwhelmed, and after remaining thoughtful a little ſpace, ſaid; "My lord, I know not by what favor "this honor is done me. Methinks there are thoſe "who have better deſerved it than I have. But ſince "it is the pleaſure of theſe lords and ladies that I "ſhould be the judge, praying all my lords com- "panions who have ſurpaſſed me not to be diſpleaſed, "I give the prize of the firſt day to my lord de Bel- "labre; and of the ſecond, to the captain David of "Scotland."

The prizes were forthwith delivered to them, nor did man or woman murmur; and then the dancing and paſtimes commenced. The ladies never ceaſed praiſing the good Knight, who was beloved in Picardy as never man was. He was there two years, during which there were many tournays and ſports; in which, for the moſt part, he carried off the prize. And the greateſt cauſe of his being univerſally beloved was, that there was not on earth a more liberal and gracious perſon. For, if any of his companions loſt his horſe, he remounted him; if he had a crown in his purſe, every one ſhared it. Young as he was, the firſt thing he did when he roſe was to ſay his prayers. He was very charitable; and no man could ſay he had been refuſed by him any requeſt it was in his power to grant.

CHAPTER VI.

How the King of France, Charles the Eighth, conquered the kingdom of Naples; and how Louis Duke of Orleans came to the crown of France, as his neareſt heir, by the title of Louis the Twelfth; and how the good Knight held a tournay at Carignan in Piedmont, at which he gained the prize.

AFTER two years the young King of France, Charles, ſet out for the conqueſt of Naples accompanied by the lord de Ligny; who, knowing the high qualities of the good Knight and his honourable repute, would not leave him behind. After a ſucceſsful campaign in which he brought the Pope to reaſon, conquered the kingdom of Naples, and left there as his lieutenant general and viceroy the lord de Montpenſier, the good King Charles ſet out on his return to France. He met with no obſtacle till his arrival at Fournou, where he was oppoſed by ſixty thouſand fighting men belonging to different

Italian potentates; as the Pope, the Venetians, the Duke of Milan, and many other lords, who thought to intercept the good King and make him priſoner, as they knew he had with him but ten thouſand men.

Nevertheleſs the good and gentle Prince who had the heart of a lion,[1] confident of being well ſupported by the men he had, determined to await and fight them; which by the help of our Lord he did, and gained a glorious victory with the loſs of no more than ſeven hundred men. The enemy ſuſtained a heavy and ſhameful defeat, and loſt eight or ten thouſand of their beſt ſoldiers. They left on the field the greateſt captains of the lordſhip of Venice; and many of the houſe of Gonzaga, whoſe chief is the marquis of Mantua; and he too would have fallen, but for his ſpurs and the good horſe he rode; and had not a little river ſwelled in a wondrous way, the check would have been ſtill more ſevere.

At the firſt charge, the good Knight bore himſelf triumphantly in the company of the gentle lord de Ligny his good maſter, and had two horſes killed under him. The King was told of it and ſent him five hundred crowns; but in return the good Knight preſented him with a ſtandard of horſe he had taken in the purſuit.

Peace being ſoon after concluded, the good King returned to France and viſited St. Denis, where his anceſtors are entombed; and about three years after,

hearing of the revolt of the Neapolitans and the death of his lieutenant general the count de Montpenſier, he propoſed to return to Italy. But being at Amboiſe the 7th of April 1498, looking on at a game of tennis, he was ſeized with a faintneſs and died a few days after; an irreparable loſs to France; for there was never a more gentle, gracious, and benevolent king. Methinks God took him to the company of the bleſſed; for the good prince was not ſtained with a ſingle odious vice. As he left no male deſcendants, he was ſucceeded by his neareſt relative Louis of Orleans, who was anointed at Rheims, and afterwards crowned at St. Denis by the title of Louis the Twelfth. He had married the lady Joan of France, ſiſter of his predeceſſor; but, expecting no iſſue by her, and having been compelled to marry her by his father Louis the Eleventh, he prevailed on the Pope to annul the marriage, and eſpouſed the Queen Ducheſs of Brittany, widow of the late King Charles. Whether it were well or ill done, God only knows.

Soon after his acceſſion he determined to attempt the recovery of his duchy of Milan, which Ludovic Sforza then detained from him; and having gained poſſeſſion of the caſtle of Milan by the treachery of its commandant, the whole duchy ſoon ſubmitted to him; and Ludovic Sforza fled for refuge into Germany, to Maximilian King of the Romans.

The King Louis returned to France, and the French garriſons remained in Lombardy, amuſing themſelves with jouſts, tournays, and all other paſtimes. The good Knight went to viſit a noble lady named Blanche, who had eſpouſed his former maſter Duke Charles of Savoy. She dwelt at Carignan in Piedmont, one of her dower towns; and being full of courteſy, received him hoſpitably and treated him as one of her family, in which was a very honourable lady madame de Fluxas, who had been governeſs of the houſe ſince her younger days; with her huſband, an honourable gentleman who ſuperintended the Ducheſs's houſehold. You muſt know that when the good Knight was page to the Duke of Savoy, this madame de Fluxas was a young lady in waiting on the Ducheſs; and as young people ſeek each other's company, there ſprang up ſuch a love between them, in all honor, that had they followed their inclinations without regarding conſequences, they had married. After the good Knight left the ſervice of the Duke and became the page of King Charles, the young lady wedded this lord de Fluxas, who was very rich and took her for her good qualities; for of fortune ſhe had little.

This lady de Fluxas, who was celebrated for her great beauty and powers of converſation, received the good Knight moſt graciouſly and courteouſly. They diſcourſed much of the days of their youth; and ſhe

reminded him of the credit he had acquired with maſter Claude de Vaudray; of the tournay he gained at Ayre, and his honors at the battle of Fournou; and ſo lauded him that he was put to the bluſh. At laſt ſhe requeſted him to give a tournay in Carignan in honour of the Ducheſs, in whoſe houſe he had been brought up.

"Truly," ſaid the good Knight, "ſince you wiſh it, "it ſhall be done. You are the lady of all the world "who firſt made a conqueſt of my heart to her ſervice "by your graciouſneſs; I am well aſſured that I ſhall "never have of you but mouth and hands, for I ſhould "loſe my labor to aſk aught elſe of you; and more- "over, on my ſoul I would rather die than preſs you "to diſhonor. I pray you give me one of your "ſleeves, for I have need of it." The lady, not knowing what he wanted with it, gave it him; and he put it without more ado into the ſleeve of his doublet.

The next morning he ſent a trumpet to all the towns in the neighbourhood where there were garriſons, to notify to the gentlemen that if they would appear in the town of Carignan four days after, in arms, he would give to the beſt doer in three courſes with the lance in open liſts, and in twelve blows with the ſword, a prize of his lady's ſleeve with a ruby attached valued at one hundred ducats. The trumpet did his bidding, and returned with the names of fifteen gentlemen who had promiſed to come.

When it came to the knowledge of the lady Blanche, ſhe was much pleaſed, and had her platform erected on the field of combat.

On the appointed day, about an hour after noon, the good Knight appeared on the ground, armed at all points, with three or four of his companions, as the lord de Bonvent, the lord de Mondragon, and others; and they had ſcarcely arrived when all the reſt who were to run a courſe preſented themſelves. The good Knight commenced the ſport, oppoſed by the lord de Rovatre, a gallant gentleman who carried the ſtandard of Duke Philibert. He was a bold and ſkilful Knight, and made ſo good a hit with his lance that he broke it into three or four pieces. But the good Knight dealt him ſuch a blow on the upper part of his grandebuffe,[2] that he diſarmed him of it, made daylight through it, and cauſed his own lance to fly into five or ſix pieces. The lord de Rovatre recovered his grandebuffe and ran his ſecond lance, which he broke in as good ſtyle as the firſt. But the good Knight ſtruck him on the viſor, and with the blow carried away his plume and made him reel in his ſaddle; but ſtill he kept his ſeat. At the third courſe the lord de Rovatre croſſed his lance, and the good Knight ſhivered his with a craſh. After them came Mondragon and the lord de Chevron, who ran their courſes ſo well that all applauded them. Two others followed; and finally, all bore themſelves ſo well that the company was much gratified.

When the lances were broken, they took to their ſwords; but the good Knight ſtruck but two blows ere he made his adverſary's ſword fly out of his hand, and broke his own. Then one after another came on the field, and all did as well as was poſſible; and very late it was when all was over. The Ducheſs, by the lord de Fluxas, invited all the gentlemen to ſup at the caſtle; where you may ſuppoſe they were handſomely entertained; for they knew well there how to do it. After ſupper the hautboys and minſtrels began to ſound; and before dancing commenced the prize was to be awarded. All were of opinion that the good Knight had by right of arms gained the prize; upon which the judges, the lords de Grammont and de Fluxas, preſented it to him. But he modeſtly refuſed it ſaying, he had not deſerved it; but that if he had done anything well, madame de Fluxas had the merit of it, who had lent him her ſleeve; and he referred it to her to give the prize where ſhe thought fit. The lord de Fluxas, who knew the high honor of the good Knight, felt no jealouſy, but came ſtraight to his wife with the lord de Grammont, who ſaid to her: "Ma-"dame, in preſence of your huſband here, my lord "de Bayard, to whom the prize of the tournay has "been awarded, has declared that you have gained it "by means of the ſleeve you gave him; wherefore, "he ſends it to you to do your pleaſure with it." She,

who was wondrouſly acquainted with the forms of honor and courteſy, was no way abaſhed; but thanked the good Knight for the honor he had done her, and ſaid; "Since my lord de Bayard pays me the compli- "ment of ſaying that my ſleeve has gained him the "prize, I ſhall keep it all my life for love of him. "But for the ruby; ſince the beſt doer will not accept "it, I think it ſhould be given to my lord de Mon- "dragon, for he is conſidered to be ſecond to him." It was done as ſhe deſired, and not a murmur was heard. The dancing then began and laſted till mid-night.

After five or ſix days ſpent in feaſting at Carignan the French gentlemen returned to their garriſons. The good Knight alſo took leave of his good miſtreſs the lady Blanche, who was very proud that he had been educated in her family. He told her there was nei-ther prince nor princeſs in the world after his ſovereign lord, who might more readily command his ſervices; for which ſhe heartily thanked him. He then went to bid adieu to his firſt love the lady de Fluxas. Their parting was not without tears on her part, and a ſad heart on his. Their mutual honorable love laſted till death, and no year paſſed without their ſending preſents to each other.

In the town and caſtle of Carignan there was no-thing talked of for a month but the proweſs, honor,

gentleneſs and courteſy of the good Knight. He found there Pizou de Chenas who had been head groom to Duke Charles of Savoy, and having taken him to his quarters and entertained him well, he preſented him with a horſe worth fifty crowns. He enquired of him what had become of the ſquire of the ſtables who had been with my lord of Savoy in his time; and hearing that he had married and retired to Montcallier and had become very gouty, he ſent him by Pizou a handſome mule. And thus he ſhowed that he was not unmindful of the favors he had received in his younger days.

CHAPTER VII.

How the lord Ludovic Sforza retook the town of Milan from the French; and how he deſired to ſee the good Knight his priſoner, and after having converſed with him, ſent him back and reſtored him his horſe and arms; and of a gentle trait of the good Knight at Vaugarra.

LUDOVIC SFORZA ſoon after his flight into Germany, by dint of money with which he was well provided, collected a number of lanſquenets,[1] together with ſome Swiſs and Burgundians and a large body of German horſe, and by ſome intelligence with the citizens of Milan ſucceeded in retaking that city from the French. I muſt tell you what happened to the good Knight whilſt the lord Ludovic was in Milan.

He was in garriſon about twenty miles from Milan with other young gentlemen, enjoying daily wondrous beautiful jouſts with one another. One day having heard that there were at Binaz three hundred horſe

under the command of a very gentle and experienced knight John Bernardin Cazache, he prevailed on forty or fifty of his companions to accompany him to beat up their quarters. The Lombard captain, who by his ſpies heard of their approach, would not be caught in his neſt, but drew out his men to receive them about two or three bow-ſhots from the barriers. When the French came up the two parties charged each other ſtoutly, crying *France! France! Death! Death!* and at the firſt ſhock many were unhorſed. Had you ſeen the good Knight's feats of arms, breaking heads, hacking arms and legs, you would rather have taken him for a furious lion than an amorous youth. After an hour's fighting, neither party had the advantage; which chafed the good Knight much. He addreſſed his companions thus; "How! my lords, are we kept at "bay all day by a handful of men? If thoſe in Milan "knew it, not one of us would eſcape. Courage, I "pray you, and bear theſe fellows to the ground." His companions animated by his words, and crying with one voice, *France! France!* charged the Lombards ſo furiouſly that they began to give ground, and retreated fighting for four or five miles in the direction of Milan. When they ſaw themſelves near it, they turned their bridles and fled full gallop towards the town.

The French purſued them till they came cloſe to

the city, and then one of the oldeſt cavaliers who was experienced in war, cried out "*Turn, men at arms, turn!*" which all attended to but the good Knight, who in hot purſuit of the enemy entered into Milan pêle mele with them, as far as the palace. As he wore the white croſſes there aroſe a ſhout of *Seize him! ſeize him!* upon which he was ſurrounded and taken priſoner, ſurrendering to the lord John Bernardin Cazache who took him to his quarters and had him diſarmed. Having witneſſed his proweſs, he was aſtoniſhed to find him ſo young a gentleman as about two or three and twenty.

The lord Ludovic who had heard the noiſe enquired what it was, and being told what had happened, deſired that the good Knight ſhould be brought before him.

The lord John Bernardin who was a courteous and gracious gentleman, fearing leſt in his anger the lord Ludovic might do him ſome ill turn, would take him thither himſelf after having dreſſed him in gentlemanly faſhion in ſome of his own clothes. The Prince was ſurprized at his youth after the praiſes he had heard of him, and ſaid; "Come hither, Sir;—what brought "you into this town?" "By my faith, my lord," replied he nothing abaſhed, "I did not think to have "entered alone, but reckoned on my companions "following me; but they underſtood war better than "I, for had they done ſo they would all have been

" priſoners like me. However, ſaving my miſhap, I " thank fortune that I have fallen into the hands of ſo " brave and worthy a gentleman as this whoſe priſoner " I am."

The lord Ludovic aſked him on his honor what were the numbers of the army which the King of France was marching againſt him;—he replied, " By my faith, " my lord, as far as I can learn there are fourteen or " fifteen hundred men at arms, and ſixteen or eighteen " thouſand infantry; but they are all picked men, who " are reſolved this time to aſſure the ſtate of Milan to " the King our maſter; and it ſeems to me, my lord, " that you would be quite as ſafe in Germany as here, " for your troops are not fit to contend with ours." So boldly ſpake the good Knight that the lord Ludovic was greatly pleaſed with him, though what he ſtated was enough to ſtartle him. That he might appear to make light of the King of France's return, he ſaid, " By my faith, Sir, I would that the King of " France's army and mine might meet, that the battle " might determine whoſe is the right; for I ſee no " other way." " On my word, my lord," ſaid the good Knight, " I would it were to-morrow, provided I were " out of priſon." " Truly," anſwered the Prince, " that " ſhall not ſtand in the way; for I ſet you free from " this moment. And now aſk me what more you " would have of me, and I will grant it."

The good Knight thanked him on bended knee, as well he might, and ſaid, " My lord, if you will extend " your courteſy to returning me my horſe and arms, " and ſending me towards my garriſon which is ſome " twenty miles from this, you will confer on me an " obligation for life; and ſaving my honor and the " ſervice of the King my maſter, I will acknowledge " it in whatever you may pleaſe to command me." His horſe and arms were forthwith brought, and he was armed in the lord Ludovic's preſence. When he was accoutred he vaulted into the ſaddle without putting foot in ſtirrup, and aſked for a lance; then raiſing his viſor, he addreſſed the Prince thus; " My lord, I thank " you for your courteſy; may God requite it you."

They were in a handſome ſpacious court. He gave his horſe the ſpur, and cauſed him to make four or five gallant bounds, and then ran a ſhort courſe in which he broke his lance againſt the ground into five or ſix pieces; at which the lord Ludovic was not too well pleaſed, for he ſaid aloud, " If all the men at arms of " France are as good as this one, I ſhall cut but a " ſorry figure." However, he aſſigned him a herald to conduct him to his garriſon; with whom he had not proceeded a dozen miles from Milan, when they fell in with the French army, which had been much diſpirited at the capture of the good Knight through his daring; though there was ſomething of headſtrong youth in it

too. All his companions flocked to ſee him and congratulate him; and going ſtraight into the preſence of the lord de Ligny, he related to them point by point how it had gone with his capture and deliverance.

Upon the approach of the French army the lord Ludovic retired to Novarra, which by treaſon was ſurrendered to the King of France's lieutenants, and a report being ſpread that he was not in the town, but had fled a ſecond time to Germany, all the infantry were made to paſs under the pike; and the poor lord Ludovic being recognized amongſt them was taken priſoner, and ended his days in the caſtle of Loches. He had plenty of troops but they were of different nations, as Burgundians, lanſquenets and Swiſs; and for that reaſon ſo much the more difficult to keep in order. It was ſaid that the Swiſs who were with him mutinied for want of pay; but I have ſince heard the contrary; and that the baily of Dijon, who had great influence with them, gained them over; beſides that in the King's army there were a greater number of them than in Novarra, and they excuſed themſelves from fighting one againſt the other. I have ſeen this happen many times and occaſion great miſchief in France.

When thoſe of the duchy of Milan who had revolted heard of the capture of their lord, they loſt no time in returning to their French allegiance, in great fear of being pillaged and ſacked; but they met with all gen-

tleneſs and friendſhip, for they had to do with a good prince and virtuous captains.

It was notwithſtanding reported that the King intended to ſack the rebel towns of Tortona and Vaugarra; though he had no ſuch intention, for he was of too merciful a diſpoſition. The inhabitants of theſe places ſent to the lord de Ligny a deputation of twenty of their moſt notable citizens, who threw themſelves on their knees before him bareheaded, and beſought him to have mercy on them, and in token of his forgiveneſs to accept a preſent of three hundred marks of ſilver plate which they had brought him. Two tables of vaſes, cups, goblets and all kind of ſilver veſſels were brought in, which the lord de Ligny did not deign to look at, but deſired them to begone, and think themſelves fortunate he did not order them to be hanged at the caſements of their windows as diſloyal traitors. At length at the interceſſion of the good captain Louis d'Ars he pardoned them, ſaying; "Go! I pardon you for love of "captain Louis d'Ars, who has rendered me ſuch ſer-"vice that I would not refuſe him a greater requeſt; "and ſee you offend no more. But as to your preſent, "you are not worthy that I ſhould deign to accept it." He looked around him, and ſeeing the good Knight, "Bayard," ſaid he, "take this plate; I give it you "for your kitchen." To which he inſtantly replied, "My lord, I thank you humbly for the favour you do

" me; but God forbid that the property of ſuch raſcals " as theſe ſhould enter my houſe; it would bring me " misfortune." He took piece by piece and gave every one there a preſent, without keeping a denier for himſelf; which aſtoniſhed all the company, for at that time he could not command ten crowns.

When he had given it all he left the room, as did alſo the pardoned citizens. The lord de Ligny turned to thoſe who remained and ſaid, " What ſay you, my " lords? do you ſee what a liberal heart Bayard has? " is it not pity that God did not make him king of " ſome powerful realm? he would have won the entire " world by his graciouſneſs. Believe me, he will be " ſome day one of the moſt perfect men on earth." The next morning at his riſing the lord de Ligny ſent him a beautiful dreſs of crimſon velvet, lined with embroidered ſatin, an excellent ſteed, and a purſe of three hundred crowns; but theſe laſt did not laſt long, for he ſhared them with his companions.

Not long after King Louis the Twelfth undertook to reconquer the kingdom of Naples; but after two or three years of fighting with various ſucceſs, the French were driven out at all points; whether by fault of the commanders or of the troops I know not; but ſuch was the will of God. And now I muſt tell you what happened to the good Knight during this war.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach made a ſortie from the garriſon of Monervyne, and how he encountered the Spaniards, and what befell thereupon.

THE good Knight was in garriſon at Monervyne, where he had been placed by the valiant captain Louis d'Ars with ſome of his companions. Tired of being couped up ſo long, he ſaid to them one evening, "Gentlemen, we ſtagnate "here, ſeeing nothing of our enemies. Either we ſhall "grow effeminate for want of exerciſing our weapons, "or our enemies will grow bold, thinking we dare not "for fear quit our fortreſs. Wherefore I propoſe to-"morrow to ride between this and Andrea or Barleta. "Perchance we may meet with ſome foragers of theirs, "which I ſhould like marvellouſly; for we may have "a ſkirmiſh, and then let them have the honour to "whom God ſhall give it."

All approved his propoſal, and in the evening looked to their horſes, and prepared themſelves for accompliſhing their enterprize. They roſe early, and took the field, about thirty horſe, all young and reſolute men; and rode towards the garriſons of the enemy.

It chanced that ſame day that a Spaniſh gentleman, a near relative of the great captain Gonzalvo, named Don Alonzo de Sotomajor, a very gentle knight and ſkilled in arms, having with him ſome forty or fifty Spaniſh gentlemen, all picked cavaliers, made a ſortie from the town of Andrea for a like inroad on the French. Such was the fortune of the two captains, that on deſcending a little hill they came in ſight of each other at the diſtance of a cannon ſhot. I cannot tell you which was moſt rejoiced, particularly when they perceived that their force was about equal. As ſoon as the good Knight recognized the red croſſes, he addreſſed his men thus; "My friends, we ſhall preſently "have an encounter. I pray each of you to remember "his honour; and if you ſee me fail in my devoir to-"day, deem me a coward and a ſcoundrel all my life." They all anſwered, "Forward, captain, let us charge them; let them not have the honour of beginning." Then they lowered their viſors, and ſhouting, *France! France!* charged the enemy at full gallop; who, with a ſteady and haughty bearing, ſpurred to meet them, crying, *Spain! St. Jago!* and received them gallantly

on the points of their lances. At the firſt ſhock ſome were borne to the earth on both ſides, and with difficulty remounted by their companions. The fight laſted half an hour without its being poſſible to ſay which had the beſt of it. But, as we all know, in theſe caſes one or other muſt be conqueror; and it was the good Knight's fortune, by his exertion and courage, in the laſt charge to break the Spaniards. There remained on the field ſeven of them dead, and as many priſoners. The reſt took to flight, among whom was the ſaid captain Don Alonzo. But he, cloſely purſued by the good Knight who called out to him, "Turn, man at "arms, it were great ſhame to be ſlain fleeing;" and preferring an honourable death to ſhameful flight, turned upon the good Knight like a lion at bay; and they exchanged fifty ſword blows without breathing. The other Spaniards abandoned their captain, who continued fighting gallantly; and if all his men had behaved like him, I know not who would have had the beſt of it. At laſt his horſe turned recreant, and would not advance; which the good Knight ſeeing, cried out; "Yield thee, knight, or thou dieſt." "To whom muſt I yield," ſaid he. "To captain Bayard," replied the good Knight. Whereupon he gave him up his ſword. The companions then returned to their garriſon, rejoicing in the good fortune God had given them; for they loſt not a ſingle man, though there were five or ſix wounded,

and two horſes killed. However they had priſoners to recompenſe them.

When they arrived at the garriſon, the good Knight, who was the adopted ſon of the lady Courteſy, having heard by the way who Don Alonzo was, aſſigned him one of the beſt rooms in the caſtle, and ſupplied him with a dreſs; and told him if he would give him his word not to leave the caſtle without his permiſſion, he would aſſign him no ſtraighter priſon till he had paid his ranſom; in which he would find him moſt conſiderate. "Captain," anſwered Don Alonzo, "I thank "you for your courteſy, and pledge you my faith not "to depart hence without your leave." But he kept not his promiſe, for which he ſuffered in the end as you ſhall hear. However his ranſom was fixed at a thouſand crowns.

Don Alonzo remained two or three weeks with the good Knight, making great cheer and having the run of the caſtle, no one interfering with him as he was upon his parole, which it was never thought he would break. But it fell out otherwiſe; for weary of his confinement, and none of his people coming to ranſom him, he bribed an Albanian[1] of the garriſon to provide him a horſe, and flee with him to Andrea. He was ſcarcely gone when the good Knight, who was vigilant, came into the outer court of the caſtle and aſked for his priſoner; but no one knew where he was.

He was aghaſt, and learning from the porter that he had ſeen the priſoner at break of day near the gate, he had the alarm ſounded to know where he was; but neither he nor the Albanian were to be found.

The good Knight was very angry, and ordered one of his ſoldiers named Le Baſco to get to horſe inſtantly with nine others and ſpur towards Andrea; and if he found the priſoner to bring him dead or alive; and if that raſcally Albanian had a hand in it, to bring him too, for he would hang him from the battlements as an example to all who were diſpoſed to play ſuch a villainous trick.

Le Baſco tarried not, but forthwith mounted and ſpurred towards Andrea without looking to ſee who came after him, though he was well followed; and about two miles on he came up with Don Alonzo, who had diſmounted and was adjuſting his horſe's girths which had broken. The Albanian was not ſuch a fool as to ſuffer himſelf to be taken, for he knew that his life would be forfeit; but Don Alonzo, unable to remount, was ſecured and carried back to Monervyne. When the good Knight ſaw him, he exclaimed, "How! "ſignor Don Alonzo, you pledged me your faith not to "leave this without my permiſſion. I will truſt you "no longer; for it is not honourable in a gentleman to "eſcape when he has given his parole." Don Alonzo replied, "It was by no means my intention to wrong

" you: you put my ranſom at a thouſand crowns, and " within two days I ſhould have ſent them to you."

The good Knight, who was ſtill greatly incenſed, did not take his excuſes in payment; but confined him in a tower for fifteen days, though without putting him in irons, or any further ill uſage: and as to eating and drinking he might well be content with his good treatment. At the end of this time came a trumpet with his ranſom, and he was releaſed. He took leave of the good Knight and all the company courteouſly enough, and returned to Andrea; but, before his departure, witneſſed how the good Knight gave the whole of his ranſom money amongſt his ſoldiers, without keeping a denier for himſelf.

CHAPTER IX.

How Don Alonzo complained wrongfully of the treatment he had received; and how the good Knight fought and conquered him.

DON ALONZO was warmly received at Andrea by his companions, who aſked him of the good Knight's habits of life, what ſort of perſon he was, and how he had been treated by him. "I promiſe you, my lords," anſwered he, "that "there is not a bolder nor more active man in the "world than the lord de Bayard; for if he is not en- "gaged in war, he is inceſſantly exerciſing himſelf with "his men in wreſtling, leaping, throwing the bar, and "all other honourable paſtimes. In generoſity he has "not his equal; for of that I have ſeen many inſtances, "and particularly that when he received the thouſand "ducats for my ranſom, he parted them in my pre- "ſence amongſt his ſoldiers without retaining a ſingle "ducat. But as for his treatment of me, I cannot

" altogether praiſe it; for, whether it were by his or-
" ders I know not, but his people treated me more
" roughly than was due to a gentleman, and I am far
" from ſatisfied with it."

Theſe words ſoon reached the ears of the good Knight, and ſurprized him greatly. He immediately aſſembled his people, and after telling them that Don Alonzo was complaining to the Spaniards of the treatment he had received, he aſked them whether they had ſeen anything of which he was unaware. They all aſſured him that had he been the greateſt prince of Spain, he could not have been treated better. " By
" my faith then," ſaid the good Knight, " though I
" am ſuffering from a quartan fever, I will write and
" tell him, that if he ſays I have ill treated him, I will
" prove the contrary in perſonal combat with him, on
" foot or on horſeback, as he pleaſes."

He called for a clerk, and dictated a letter in theſe terms. " Signor Alonzo, I hear that after your return
" from being my priſoner, you have ſpread complaints
" amongſt your people that I did not treat you like
" a gentleman. You know the contrary. But ſince,
" if it were true, it were great diſhonour to me, I
" have written you this letter, by which I pray you
" to recall your words in preſence of thoſe who have
" heard them; confeſſing, as truth is, the good and
" honourable treatment I ſhowed you: and ſo doing

" you will conſult your own honour, and redreſs mine " which you have unjuſtly aſperſed. But if you refuſe, " I am determined to make you unſay your words by " mortal combat, your perſon againſt mine, whether " on foot or horſeback, and leaving you the choice of " weapons; and ſo adieu. From Monervyne, this tenth " of July."

This letter was ſent by a herald of the noble lord de la Paliſſe, called La Lune. When Don Alonzo had read it he wrote by the ſame herald, without conſulting any one, this anſwer; " Lord de Bayard, I " would have you know that I never unſay what I have " ſaid; nor are you the man to compel me. Where- " fore I accept the combat you propoſe within fifteen " days from this, at two miles from the town of An- " drea or wherever elſe you pleaſe." La Lune brought this anſwer to the good Knight, who would not have taken ten thouſand crowns for it, ill as he was.

When the day of combat arrived, the lord de la Paliſſe with two hundred men at arms (for this had been agreed between the combatants), brought his champion to the field mounted on a very good and handſome charger. Don Alonzo had not yet arrived, and La Lune went to haſten him. Having aſcertained that the good Knight was armed for fighting on horſeback, as had been previouſly ſettled; " How," ſaid he, " it is " for me to chooſe the arms, and him the field. Go

" herald and tell him I chooſe to fight on foot." This he did for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe there was not a more expert man in the world on horſeback than the good Knight; and ſecondly, that being enfeebled by his ſickneſs, Don Alonzo had good hope to conquer him on foot.

When the herald announced theſe news to the good Knight, he remained thoughtful a moment; for that very day he had experienced an attack of his fever. Notwithſtanding, being lion-hearted, he replied, " La " Lune my friend, go and haſten him, and tell him this " ſhall not prevent my repairing my honour by God's " help this very day. And if the combat on foot does " not pleaſe him, let it be any way he will."

Meanwhile he choſe his ground, which was marked out by large ſtones placed at ſmall intervals, and took his ſtation at one end accompanied by many good, brave and valiant captains; as the lords de la Paliſſe, d'Oroze, d'Hymbercourt, de Fontrailles, the baron de Bearn and many others, who all prayed our Lord that he would aid their champion.

When Don Alonzo found there was no remedy but he muſt fight, he came to the field very well accompanied by the marquis of Licita, Don Diego de Guynons, (lieutenant of the great captain Gonzalvo), Don Pedro de Haldes, Don Franciſco d'Altemeze and many others. He then ſent the weapons, which were a rapier and

dagger, to the good Knight that he might take his choice. When they were armed in gorget and ſecrette,[1] the good Knight was placed on the field by his companion Bellabre whom he took for his ſponſor, the lord de la Paliſſe keeping the ground for him. Don Alonzo entered at the other end and was placed by his ſponſor Don Diego de Guynons, the ground being kept for him by Don Franciſco d'Altemeze. When both were placed, the good Knight knelt and made his oriſon to God, and then lying at full length kiſſed the ground. On riſing he made the ſign of the croſs, and walked ſtraight towards his enemy as confidently as if he were going to dance with a lady. Nor did Don Alonzo betray any ſigns of fear, but going ſtraight towards the good Knight, ſaid, "Signor de Bayard, what is your "quarrel with me?" the good Knight replied, "I "would defend my honour." And without more words they cloſed, and dealt each other a furious blow; and the rapier of the good Knight wounded Don Alonzo ſlightly in the face and drew blood. Never were ſeen two more doughty champions; each was ſure of foot and eye, and would not ſtrike at random. The good Knight ſoon perceived the trick of his enemy, who, as ſoon as he had delivered his blow, guarded his face ſo that he could not be hurt. So when Don Alonzo raiſed his arm to ſtrike, he did the ſame, but held his rapier ſteadily raiſed till his enemy's blow had paſſed,

and then taking him expoſed, launched him ſuch a tremendous blow on the throat that, deſpite his good gorget, the rapier entered his throat four good finger-breadths, and was ſo fixed in the gorget that he could not pull it out. Don Alonzo finding himſelf mortally wounded threw away his rapier and ſeized the good Knight round the body, who grappled with him; and they wreſtled till both fell to the ground. The good Knight, quick and wary, ſeized his dagger, and thruſting it into his enemy's noſtrils cried, "Yield thee, "ſignor Alonzo, or thou dieſt." But he was already paſt anſwering. His ſponſor, Don Diego, exclaimed, "Signor Bayard, he is already dead; you have con-"quered." And ſo it was, for he ſtirred neither hand nor foot.

The good Knight was much troubled; for he would have given a hundred thouſand crowns, had he had them, to have ſpared his life. But in gratitude for the favour God had ſhown him he knelt down, and humbly returning thanks, kiſſed the earth three times. Afterwards, dragging his enemy out of the field, he ſaid to the ſponſor, "Don Diego, have I done enough?" He replied ſadly, "Too much, ſignor Bayard, for "the honour of Spain." "You know," ſaid the good Knight, "that it is for me to do as I will with the "body. I reſtore it to you. And truly I would, my "honour ſafe, that it were otherwiſe."

The Spaniards then bore off their champion's body with piteous lamentations, and the Frēnch eſcorted theirs with trumpets and clarions to the garriſon, where the firſt thing the good Knight did was to repair to the church and return thanks to God. They then had great rejoicings; and he was accounted, both by the French and Spaniards, to be one of the moſt accompliſhed knights that could be found.

CHAPTER X.

Of a combat of thirteen Spaniards againſt thirteen French, in which the good Knight performed ſurpaſſing feats of arms; and how he took a treaſurer and his man, who were carrying fifteen thouſand ducats to the great captain Gonzalvo; and what he did with it.

IT is well known, that of all nations the Spaniards are the moſt given to boaſting and having the word honour ever in their mouths. They were much vexed at the defeat of Don Alonzo de Sotomajor, and ſought only an opportunity of avenging his death. Shortly after that event there was a truce of two months between them and the French, during which they often met one another in their excurſions near each other's garriſons, and had many converſations together. One day a band of thirteen Spaniſh gentlemen, men-at-arms and all well mounted, were riding near the garriſon of the good

Knight, when they met him and the lord d'Oroze who had come to viſit him, taking the air ſome half league from the place. After mutual ſalutations they entered into diſcourſe on many ſubjects, till at length a bold and brave Spaniard, named Diego de Biſaigne, who had been of Don Alonzo's troop, and who had not forgotten his death, ſaid; "My lords of France, "I know not whether you are as weary of this truce "as we are, though we have as yet had but eight "days of it. But if whilſt it laſts, a band of you will "encounter an equal number of us, ſay ten againſt "ten, twenty againſt twenty, or leſs or more, upon "the quarrel of our maſters, I will undertake to find "the number on our ſide; and thoſe who are con-"quered ſhall remain priſoners." The two French gentlemen exchanged looks; and at the requeſt of the lord d'Oroze the good Knight returned anſwer; "My lord, you ſeem to be very deſirous of an en-"counter with us with equal numbers. You are here "thirteen men-at-arms. If you will appear two miles "hence, mounted and armed, on the eighth day from "this, we will bring thirteen to meet you; and then "let him that has courage, ſhow it." All the Spaniards replied in their language, "Agreed."

On the appointed day the two parties met; and many others of both nations came to witneſs the combat. They marked out their field with theſe condi-

tions, that whoever ſhould paſs out of it or be diſmounted ſhould remain priſoner and fight no more that day; and in caſe before nightfall neither party had conquered the other, although but one remained on horſeback, the affair ſhould be at an end, and he might carry off the field all his companions free and quit, with the ſame honours as the others.

The French then ranged themſelves on one ſide and the Spaniards on the other, all with their lances in reſt, and ſet ſpurs to their horſes. The Spaniards however, aiming not at the men but at the horſes,[1] ſucceeded in killing eleven at the firſt onſet, ſo that there remained on horſeback of the French only the lord d'Oroze and the good Knight. But this trick did not ſerve the Spaniards, for their horſes would never paſs over the others again in ſpite of all their ſpurring. The lord d'Oroze and the good Knight charged them frequently and fiercely; and when the whole body would make a charge on them, retired behind the dead horſes of their companions as a rampart. In ſhort the Spaniards were well worried; and though they were thirteen againſt two, could not gain the field before nightfall, when it behoved each party to retire as had been agreed; and the honour of the combat reſted with the French, for it was well fought by them two againſt thirteen for four hours without being conquered.

A few days after the expiration of the truce the good Knight received intelligence from his ſpies that a treaſurer, who was on his road from Naples with a quantity of gold for the great captain Gonzalvo, was to paſs next morning within three or four miles of Monervyne under eſcort of ſome lancers.[2] He roſe two hours before daybreak, and placed himſelf in ambuſh between two little hills with no more than twenty horſe; and ſent his companion Tardieu with five and twenty Albanians another way, that if the treaſurer eſcaped one party he might fall in with the other. About ſeven in the morning his ſcouts came to tell him they heard the noiſe of horſes approaching. He was ſo concealed between two rocks that the Spaniards paſſed without perceiving him, having in the midſt of them the treaſurer and his man with their caſh boxes behind them on their horſes. They were no ſooner paſſed than the good Knight and his men daſhed into the midſt of them crying, *France! France! Death! Death!* When the Spaniards ſaw themſelves thus attacked at diſadvantage, thinking their enemies were more numerous than they really were, they took to flight towards Barleta. They were not purſued far, for the poor treaſurer was the object, who with his man was taken and carried to Monervyne.

When they had arrived, the boxes full of ſhining ducats were opened. "Spare yourſelf the trouble of

" counting them, ſignor," ſaid the treaſurer, " there " are fifteen thouſand ducats." Meanwhile Tardieu arrived, and when he ſaw all this fine quantity of money was much chagrined at not having been at the capture. At the ſame time he ſaid to the good Knight, " Companion, I am entitled to my ſhare, for I was one " in the undertaking." " True," replied the good Knight ſmiling, " but not in the taking;" And to vex him ſtill more, added, " even had you been there, you " are under my command, and I ſhall give you what " I pleaſe." Tardieu was furious, and, ſwearing he would be righted, appealed to the king of France's lieutenant general; who, having heard both parties and conſulted all the captains, decided that Tardieu had no right to any, at which he was much annoyed. However, being a joyous merry fellow, he exclaimed; " By the " blood of Saint George I am moſt unlucky; but no " matter, Bayard, it is all one, you ſhall keep me while " we remain in this country." The other laughed and they returned together to Monervyne. The good Knight had the ducats brought in and ſpread on a table before Tardieu, and aſked him if he did not think it a very pretty ſugar plum. " Yes, by all the fiends," replied he, " but I have no part in it. I would I " might be hanged, if the half of that would not make " a man of me for life." " How!" ſaid the good Knight, " is that all that is wanting to aſſure you a

" living? What you could not get from me by force, " I give you freely with all my heart; you ſhall have " the full half:" and he immediately had them counted out and given to him.

When Tardieu ſaw it was no jeſt, he thanked him with tears in his eyes; and by means of this money, on his return to France, he married an heireſs, the daughter of the lord de Saint Martin, who had an income of three thouſand livres. But we muſt know what became of the other ſeven thouſand five hundred ducats. The good Knight, his heart pure as a pearl, aſſembled the garriſon, and divided the ducats amongſt them according to their rank, not reſerving a ſingle denier. He then diſmiſſed the treaſurer without ranſom and allowed nothing to be taken from his perſon, though he had about him in rings and money upwards of five hundred ducats; and ſent a trumpet for ſafe conduct to Barleta with him and his man, right glad, conſidering their misfortune, to have fallen into ſuch good hands.

CHAPTER XI.

How the good Knight kept a bridge over the river Garillan for the ſpace of half an hour, ſingle handed againſt two hundred Spaniards;—and of many things which happened in five years in France, Italy and Spain.

TOWARDS the cloſe of the war between the French and Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, the two parties were for ſome time encamped on the oppoſite banks of the river Garillan. You muſt know that if there were brave and gallant commanders on the ſide of the French, ſo were there alſo on that of the Spaniards, and amongſt others the great captain Gonzalvo Ferrande, a wiſe and wary man; and another called Pedro de Pas. He was but two cubits in height, but a bolder creature could not be found; and he was ſo hump backed and ſo ſhort, that when he was on horſeback, one could only ſee his head above the ſaddle.

One day this Pedro de Pas reſolved to give the French an alarm, and croſſed the river at a ford he was acquainted with, with about a hundred and twenty horſe, having placed behind each horſeman a foot ſoldier armed with a hacquebute. His object was to draw the French upon him, and induce them to abandon the bridge; while the Spaniards ſhould attack it in force and gain it. He executed his enterprize admirably, and gave the French ſo ſharp and warm an alarm that they all thronged to that quarter, thinking it was the whole effort of the Spaniards.

The good Knight, who always deſired to be where blows were exchanged, was quartered near the bridge with a brave gentleman called the ſquire Le Baſco, ſquire of the ſtables to the King of France, Louis the Twelfth. Theſe loſt no time, when they heard the noiſe, in arming and getting to horſe, propoſing to go to the quarter where the affair was going on. But the good Knight looking over the river, perceived about two hundred Spaniſh horſe making ſtraight for the bridge, which they would have gained with little reſiſtance; and that would have been the total deſtruction of the French army. He deſired his companion to go and collect ſome men as quickly as poſſible to defend the bridge, or they would all be loſt, and promiſed to do his beſt to keep them in play till his return. He then went lance in hand to the bridge, on the other ſide of

which were the Spaniards already prepared to paſs; but like a furious lion he put his lance in reſt and charged the troop who were already on the bridge, ſo that three or four of them were overthrown, of whom two fell into the water and never roſe again, for the river was wide and deep. This done, they cut him out plenty of work, for he was ſo fiercely aſſailed, that but for his excellent chivalry, he could not have kept them at bay; but he backed his horſe againſt the barrier of the bridge that they might not get in his rear, and like a chafed tiger defended himſelf ſo well with his ſword that the Spaniards knew not what to ſay, and thought he was no man, but a fiend. In ſhort, he maintained his poſt long and well till Le Baſco arrived with about a hundred men-at-arms, who made the Spaniards abandon the bridge, and were purſuing them a good mile beyond, when they perceived a large body of ſeven or eight hundred horſe coming to the enemy's ſupport. The good Knight ſaid to his companions, "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having "ſaved the bridge, let us retreat in as compact a body "as poſſible." This they did at a good rapid pace, the good Knight bringing up their rear and receiving every charge of the enemy.

At length he began to be ſore preſſed from his poor horſe failing him through wearineſs, for he had fought on him the whole day. At this juncture a large body

of the enemy made a freſh charge on the French, ſome of whom were borne to the ground. The good Knight's horſe was driven backward againſt a ditch, where he was ſurrounded by twenty or thirty, who cried, "Yield, ſignor, yield." He was ſtill fighting and could only ſay, "Gentlemen, I muſt needs yield, for "alone I cannot reſiſt your numbers."

His comrades were already at ſome diſtance retiring ſtraight for their bridge, when one of them named Guyfray, a gentleman of Dauphiny, exclaimed, "Oh! "gentlemen, we have loſt all! The good captain "Bayard is dead or priſoner, for he is not with us. "And to-day he has led us ſo well and gotten us ſo "much honour! I vow to God, that if I muſt go "alone, I will return and be ſlain or taken but I will "have ſome news of him." I know not which of the troop was moſt grieved when they found that Guyfray ſpoke the truth. They all diſmounted, looked to their girths, and remounting galloped with invincible courage after the Spaniards, who were leading away the flower and jewel of all knighthood, ſolely by the failure of his horſe.

You muſt know that the Spaniards, confident in their numbers, did not condeſcend to diſarm the good Knight whom they were carrying off, nor to take from him his ſword, though they deprived him of a battle axe he carried in his hand; and as they marched,

kept aſking him who he was? He who knew well that if he told them his name he would never eſcape alive (for the Spaniards feared him more than any Frenchman), replied merely that he was a gentleman. Meanwhile his comrades came up crying "*France!* "*France!* turn Spaniards, turn; you bear not off "thus the flower of chivalry." The Spaniards, in ſpite of their numbers, were aſtounded at this cry; nevertheleſs they received without flinching this heavy charge of the French, though ſome of the beſt mounted of them were borne to the ground. Seeing this, the good Knight, who needed but a horſe, leaped from his own, and without putting foot in ſtirrup bounded on a noble ſteed whoſe rider Salvator de Borgia, a gallant gentleman, had been borne to the earth by the ſquire Le Baſco. When he found himſelf mounted he commenced wondrous feats of arms, crying, "*France! France!* 'Tis Bayard! Bayard! you have "let eſcape." When the Spaniards heard the name, and perceived their error in having left him his arms without requiring him to yield, reſcue or no reſcue, (for had he once given his word he would never have broken it), their hearts failed them, and wheeling about, they retreated at a gallop to their camp; and the French, overjoyed to have recovered their true guidon[1] of honour, returned merrily to their quarters, where they talked of nothing for a week but their brilliant adventure and the feats of the good Knight.

About a twelvemonth after theſe events, in the year 1504, the French troops were recalled from Italy by Louis the Twelfth, and there was a ceſſation of hoſtilities between France and Spain; which was not very opportune, for the one had what they demanded, and the others not. In the year 1505 died Joan of France, Ducheſs de Berry, who had married King Louis the Twelfth; and he in the ſame year was ſo ill at his town of Blois, that his life was deſpaired of and he was given over by his phyſicians, all human remedy ſeeming vain. But I believe that at the prayers of his people, by whom he was much beloved from having never oppreſſed or ground them with taxes, our Lord prolonged his days.

In the ſame year died at Pleſſis les Tours Don Frederic of Arragon formerly King of Naples, the laſt lineal deſcendant of Peter of Arragon, who without cauſe or reaſon uſurped the ſaid kingdom of Naples; nor have thoſe who have ſince held it, and hold it ſtill, any better title.

In the year 1506, one of the moſt triumphant and glorious ladies that the world has known theſe thouſand years, departed this life. This was the queen Iſabel of Caſtille, who aſſiſted in perſon with armed hand in reconquering the kingdom of Grenada from the Moors, and took priſoners the children of King Chico who poſſeſſed that kingdom, whom ſhe cauſed to be

baptized. I can assure the readers of this history that her life was such that she has well deserved a crown of laurel after her death.

There died the same year her son-in-law, who by her decease became her heir, Philip Archduke of Austria and Count of Flanders, and in right of his wife King of Spain. France lost nothing by his death for he had sown a seed there which would have produced but little good.

The Pope Julius,[2] by the assistance of the King of France and his lieutenant general in the duchy of Milan, master Charles d' Amboise, lord de Chaumont, conquered Bologna in this same year from master John di Bentivoglio, and in recompense and payment granted in France plenty of indulgences and pardons. I know not whose counsel it was, but the French never after had a sure footing in Italy; for the Pope being no good Frenchman, fortified himself on this side the Appennines on the frontiers of the French King's territories in Lombardy; I refer to what happened in the sequel. However many for the time made great gains; for some captains under the command of the lord de Chaumont received presents of money; and some gentlemen of the pen, benefices. In sooth it is a devilry when avarice takes precedence of honour, and that has always been the case in France more than in any other place. It is indeed the most excellent

country of Europe; but all good ſoils do not produce good fruit. I hold with him who wrote the romance of the roſe, maſter John de Meung, who ſays that rich gifts bring honour to the givers, but debaſe the receivers.

The King of Arragon, widower by the death of his wife Iſabel, married that ſame year Germaine de Foix niece of the King of France, who was conducted in great ſtate into Spain. From the time of her arrival there ſhe made a pretty return to the French for the honours ſhe had received from their country; for never was there known a worſe friend to Frenchmen.

CHAPTER XII.

How the Genoeſe revolted and were brought to reaſon; And how the Venetians were defeated by the King of France's army, and how they afterwards recaptured the town of Padua from the Emperor.

I WILL not deny that all true chriſtians are ſubjects of the Church and ought to obey her; but neither do I aſſert that all her miniſters are men of worth. And of this I can give a ſufficient example in Pope Julius, who, in recompenſe of all the good turns which King Louis had done him in eſtabliſhing him, I know not by what title, in Bologna, with the view of gradually driving the French from Italy, by ſubtle and ſiniſter means ſtirred up the Genoeſe to revolt, and excited the populace to mutiny againſt the nobles, whom they expelled from the town, and elected from among themſelves one maſter Paul de Nouy, by trade a dyer, to be duke.

The good Knight was at that time at Lyons ill of

his fever, which had haraſſed him continually for upwards of ſeven years. He was moreover ſuffering from an old pike wound in the arm, which had been ſo ill treated that an ulcer formed and had not yet healed. He had been appointed by the King his maſter one of the ſquires of his ſtable until the command of ſome company of men-at-arms ſhould be vacant for him. He was not deterred by his ſickneſs from following his prince who had croſſed the mountains with an army to quell the revolt of the Genoeſe; which was ſoon effected, mainly owing to the ſkill and valour of the good Knight and his companions in arms.

After the chaſtiſement of the Genoeſe there was an interview at Savona between the Kings of France and Arragon, the latter of whom was returning into Spain. The King of France fêted the great captain Gonzalvo, and the King of Arragon complimented highly the captain Louis d'Ars and the good Knight, and ſaid to the King of France, "Happy is the prince who "boaſts of two ſuch knights." The two Kings then parted, the one for Spain and the other for France by way of Milan, where he was entertained at a moſt magnificent banquet by the lord Jean Jacques Trivulce.[1] There were covers for five hundred gentlemen and about a hundred and twenty ladies; and they were ſerved with the beſt of diſhes, pageants, plays and all other paſtimes.

A year or two afterwards a treaty of alliance offenſive and defenſive was formed between the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain, having for its object the deſtruction of the ſtate of Venice, with whom it ſeemed that the Lord was wroth for their great pomp and little acknowledgment of God, their luxurious living; and haughty contempt for all the other princes of Chriſtendom.

In compliance with the terms of this treaty, about the month of March 1509, the King of France put his troops in motion in the duchy of Milan, about fifteen thouſand men, under the command of good and able commanders, as the lords de Molart, de Richemont, La Crote, the count de Rouſſillon, the lord de Vendeneſſe, the captain Odet, the younger de Duras, and many others who each took pains to have picked men under their command. The King ſent for the good Knight and offered him a command of a thouſand men; but he requeſted to have but five hundred, and promiſed they ſhould be ſuch as would do good ſervice. And about the beginning of April all the troops were in their quarters in the duchy of Milan.

The Venetians, already defied by the herald Mountjoy, determined to defend themſelves, and knowing the force of the King of France, which amounted to no more than thirty thouſand men, of whom about twenty thouſand were foot (including ſix thouſand

Swiſs), and two thouſand were men-at-arms; they aſſembled a gallant army of two thouſand men-at-arms and thirty thouſand infantry, under the command of the count Petilana; the captain general of their infantry being the lord Bartholomew d'Alvyano. Although theſe commanders were expreſsly inſtructed by their government not to riſk a battle, but to weary out the enemy, yet the lord d'Alvyano, more bold than wiſe, raſhly engaged the French, and after a fierce and deadly combat was defeated and made priſoner with the loſs of about fifteen thouſand men. This victory was followed by the ſtorming of the caſtle of Cazavas, which was carried in two hours, and ſome ruſtics found in it, who were made to try whether their necks were ſtrong enough to carry away a battlement.[2] This terrified thoſe who were in other places, ſo that there was not found afterwards town or fortreſs which offered reſiſtance except the caſtle of Peſchiera, which brought evil to thoſe within it, for they all met their death; or but few eſcaped and were made priſoners; amongſt whom were a providador of the State and his ſon, who were willing to pay good and heavy ranſom; but this ſerved them nothing, for they were each hanged to a tree, which ſeemed to me great cruelty. They had ſurrendered to a very gallant gentleman called de Lorrain, who had high words about it with the grand maſter, the King's lieutenant general, but he got no amends.

All the towns and places which the King of France claimed were yielded to him; ſome of which were reſtored to the Pope, ſome to the King of Spain; and the keys of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua were delivered to the French King, who placed them in the hands of the Emperor.

Meanwhile the remains of the Venetian army retired to Treviſa and Fryol expecting to be purſued; but the King of France, being diſappointed of an interview the Emperor had promiſed him at Peſchiera, returned to Milan; and upon this the town of Padua, in which the Emperor had placed a garriſon of only eight hundred lanſquenets, was retaken by the Venetian captains Andrea Gritti and Luke Malleveche in the following manner.

The Venetians always carried on a ſecret correſpondence with the citizens; and we muſt mark one thing; that never were maſters more beloved by their ſubjects than they have always been, and ſolely from the ſtrict juſtice they adminiſtered.

One morning early in July, being the ſeaſon of the ſecond hay harveſt in Italy, the above mentioned Venetian captains placed themſelves in ambuſh with four hundred men-at-arms and two thouſand foot in the woods which ſurrounded the town. At dawn of day the large hay-carts began to enter the town; and concealed behind the fifth came ſix Venetian men-at-arms,

each having behind him on horſeback a foot ſoldier armed with a loaded hacquebute, and amongſt them was a trumpeter who was deſired to ſound as ſoon as they had gained the gate. The few lanſquenets who were in the town kept ſtrict guard, and opened but two gates, at each of which were at leaſt thirty men on guard.

As ſoon as the fifth cart had paſſed, the ſix men-at-arms who followed it ſhouted *Saint Mark! Saint Mark!* and their foot ſoldiers, jumping down, diſcharged their hacquebutes with ſuch effect that each killed his man, for they were at the very muzzles. At the ſame time, the trumpet ſounded, and the main body of the ambuſcade ruſhed to their ſupport with loud cries of *Saint Mark! Saint Mark! Italy! Italy!* and from the houſes there iſſued more than two thouſand men armed with roncies[3] and javelins, headed by maſter Giraldo Magurino, who was in the Venetian intereſt. The poor lanſquenets had no other chance than to form themſelves in cloſe order of battle in the market place, where they were quickly aſſailed on two or three ſides; but never men defended themſelves better; for it was two hours before they could break them. At laſt ſuch numbers came againſt them, that they could no longer hold out. They were broken and cut to pieces without even one being received, to quarter, which was great pity; but they ſold their lives dearly.

For of them no more could die than were there; but they ſlew of the townſpeople and ſoldiers fifteen hundred men.

Upon the taking of Padua, the count Petilana haſtened thither, and commenced diligently repairing and ſtrengthening the fortifications, knowing its value to the ſtate of Venice. When the news came to the ears of the Emperor, he was in deſpair, and vowed to take vengeance in perſon, and wrote to the King of France who was ſtill at Milan to pray the aid of five hundred men-at-arms for three months; which was granted him; and what enſued you ſhall hear.

CHAPTER XIII.

How the King of France ſent aſſiſtance to the Emperor Maximilian; and how the emperor laid ſiege to Padua; and of the gallant approaches made by the good Knight and the French gentlemen.

WHEN the King of France heard of the revolt of Padua, he was much vexed, and the more ſo that it was owing to the emperor's fault in ſending only eight hundred lanſquenets to garriſon a town of ſuch extent. However, in compliance with the emperor's requeſt, he ſent the lord de La Paliſſe with five hundred choice men-at-arms to his aſſiſtance. They were accompanied by more than two hundred gentlemen, amongſt whom were the Baron de Bearn, who commanded a part of the contingent of the Duke de Nemours; the Baron de Conty, the lord Theodore de Trivulce, the lord Julius de Saint Severin, the lord d'Hymbercourt, the lord de La Crote, lieutenant of the Marquis of Montſerrat, and the good Knight.

Immediately after the taking of Padua, the Venetians advanced to Vicenza, which ſoon capitulated; and they then threatened the ſtrong city of Verona; but the lord de La Paliſſe haſtened to ſhew himſelf before the town, upon which the Venetians retired to Vicenza, and thence to Padua and Treviſa. The French remained at Vicenza and Caſtel Franco nearly three weeks, waiting with much impatience for the emperor; and meanwhile were joined by ſix thouſand lanſquenets under the command of a bold and enterpriſing German lord, the Prince of Anhalt.[1]

The emperor at laſt croſſed the mountains and made his appearance in the plain in the beginning of Auguſt with a truly imperial army; and had their courage been as great as their numbers, they might have conquered the world. His force is worthy of being detailed. He had one hundred and ſix pieces of artillery on wheels, of which the leaſt was a falcon, and ſix great mortars of caſt metal, which could not be drawn on gun carriages but were conveyed each on a ſtrong waggon furniſhed with engines, and when they wanted to form a battery they diſmounted them and, raiſing the muzzles with their engines, ſupported them with large blocks of wood, and conſtructed a marvellous maſs of rubbiſh behind them to prevent their recoil. Theſe pieces carried ſtone bullets, for they could not have lifted metal ſhot of the ſize, and they could only be fired four times in the day at moſt.

There were with the emperor full one hundred and twenty dukes, counts, marquiſſes, and other princes and lords of Germany; about twelve thouſand horſe, and five or ſix hundred Burgundian and Hainault men-at-arms. Of infantry there were lanſquenets innumerable, eſtimated at fifty thouſand. The Cardinal of Ferrara came on behalf of his brother the Duke to the aſſiſtance of the emperor, and brought twelve pieces of artillery, five hundred horſe, and three thouſand foot; and the Cardinal of Mantua nearly as many. In ſhort, with the French men-at-arms, it was conſidered there were altogether one hundred thouſand fighting men. One great deficiency was that they had only carriages for half the artillery; ſo that when they marched, part of the army remained to guard one portion, whilſt the other was depoſited wherever they formed their camp; and then the waggons returned for the remainder; which was very vexatious.

The firſt camp that was formed was near the palace of the Queen of Cyprus,[2] about eight miles from Padua, where they were joined by the lord de Meillaut a young French gentleman, a bold and enterpriſing leader, with ſome twelve hundred adventurers,[3] all light armed ſkirmiſhers.

Here it was determined to lay ſiege to Padua, for which place they marched, after firſt reducing the caſtle of Montſelles, which was capable of long holding out if

the raſcals who were in it had been of any worth; but their heart failed them. When the breach, which was difficult enough, was made, the alarm was ſounded for the aſſault, and though they had a bow-ſhot to traverſe, the French adventurers of Captain Meillaut were there in a twinkling, and they ſeemed not to have eaten for a week, ſo light were they. Thoſe within made but a feeble reſiſtance, for in leſs than a quarter of an hour they were all cut to pieces. The adventurers got a pretty good booty, and amongſt other things there were ſome ſeven or eight ſcore very handſome horſes.

Two days after this, the army broke up their camp and marched ſtraight for Padua. On their arrival they formed three camps; the largeſt before the Vicenza gate, where the grand attack was to be made; and here were the head-quarters of the emperor, who had the French with him. The ſecond camp was before another gate a little higher up, where was the Cardinal of Ferrara with the Burgundians and Hainaulters and ten thouſand lanſquenets; and the third at another gate was that of the Cardinal of Mantua, who had with him the lord John his brother and the lanſquenets of the Prince of Anhalt. Theſe camps were ſo diſpoſed that each of the two laſt might be ſupported from the main camp if need were.

The good Knight was ordered to make the ap-

proaches, having in his company the young lord de Bucy and the captains La Clayete and La Crote.

To reach the Vicenza gate, it was neceſſary to paſs along a high road as ſtraight as a line, protected by a moat on each ſide, and upon which were four large barriers at two hundred paces from each other, each defended by troops. On the walls were numerous guns which, on the approach of the French, ſwept the high road with a perfect hail-ſtorm of balls over the heads of their own men. In deſpite of this, the good Knight and his comrades commenced the attack with a briſk aſſault upon the firſt barrier, which was at length gained amidſt a ſhower of bullets, and the enemy repulſed to the ſecond. Here the fighting was ſtill more ſevere, and the young lord de Bucy was wounded in the arm by a hacquebute-ſhot, and his horſe killed under him; but he would not be prevailed on to retire, and no man ſurpaſſed him that day. The aſſault of the ſecond barrier laſted a good half-hour, but it was at length gained by the aſſiſtance of the lord de Meillaut and his retainers, who fought furiouſly; and ſo briſkly were the enemy purſued, that they had not time to form at the third barrier, but retreated to the fourth. This was defended by about twelve hundred men and four falconets, which began to fire along the high way; but they did little miſchief beyond killing a couple of horſes. This barrier was but a ſtone's-

throw from the boulevard of the town, which encouraged greatly the Venetians to fight.

The aſſault had laſted an hour with pike and harquebuſe, when the good Knight ſaid to his companions: "Gentlemen, theſe people keep us in play too long; "let us diſmount and force this barrier." They inſtantly diſmounted, to the number of thirty or forty men-at-arms, and charged ſtraight at the barrier with their lances. The gentle Prince of Anhalt was always by the ſide of the good Knight, with the lord de Meillaut and two others; one called great John of Picardy, the other the captain Maulevrier, who fought fiercely; but the Venetians were continually receiving freſh reinforcements. Seeing this, the good Knight exclaimed aloud: "Gentlemen, they will keep us here "theſe ſix years in this faſhion. Let us charge them "ſharply, and then every one follow my example." "Sound, trumpet," he added, and like a lioneſs robbed of her whelps, he made, with his comrades, ſuch a furious ruſh that he drove the enemy a pike's length from the barrier. Then ſhouting, "Forward, com-"rades, we have them!" he vaulted over the barrier, and thirty or forty after him, and were well received by the enemy. However, when the French ſaw the danger of their comrades, each ſtruggled to paſs the barrier, and crying *France! France! The Empire! The Empire!* they made ſuch a charge that the enemy

abandoned the place, and retreated in confuſion into the town.

Thus were ſtormed the barriers before Padua in open day, by which the French, both horſe and foot, acquired great honor, particularly the good Knight, to whom all accorded the merit. The approaches were made and the artillery brought to the edge of the ditch, where it remained for ſix weeks till the raiſing of the ſiege, which took place as you ſhall hear.

When the approaches had been made and the artillery planted, all repaired to their three camps, which from the great numbers, extended over four miles of country. And it was a marvellous thing, that during the ſiege, which laſted nearly two months, the foragers never had to go above ſix miles from camp for hay, ſtraw, corn, meat, poultry, wines and all things requiſite for both men and horſes; and ſuch was the abundance that, when the ſiege was raiſed, they burnt a hundred thouſand ducats' worth of proviſions which had been collected in expectation that it would have been much longer protracted.

The battering cannon now began to play, and continued without ceaſing for eight days. There had never been ſeen ſuch a terrible bombardment, for the three camps fired more than twenty thouſand rounds. And if the emperor's artillery was well ſerved, that of the town was no leſs ſo; inaſmuch as for every ſhot fired

againſt them, they returned two. One of the emperor's gunners who had deſerted was taken priſoner, and blown from a mortar into the town.

At length the three breaches were battered into one of about four or five hundred paces, a ſufficiently good opening for the aſſault. But the count Petilana had ſo well arranged the defences of the town, that had there been five hundred thouſand men before it, they could not have forced an entrance. Behind the breach he had dug a mine twenty feet deep and as many wide, which he filled with fagots and old wood well beſmeared with gunpowder; and at every hundred paces was a mound of earth crowned with artillery which fired acroſs this mine. When this ſhould be paſſed, (which it could not but by the favour of God) the whole Venetian army was to be encountered, drawn up in battle array; for there was a fine eſplanade where twenty thouſand cavalry and infantry might form; and behind them were platforms where the count had mounted twenty or thirty guns, which would have fired over the heads of his men, ſtraight upon the breach.

The French were warned of this terrible danger by ſome ranſomed priſoners, at the expreſs deſire of the count Petilana who wiſhed to detach them from the emperor's party; but, nevertheleſs, it was reſolved to make the aſſault. I muſt firſt, however, tell you of a courſe which the good Knight rode with his comrades.

CHAPTER XIV.

How the good Knight during the ſiege of Padua rode two courſes with his companions, in which he acquired great honour.

DURING the ſiege of Padua the Emperor's camp experienced many alarms, as well from ſallies from the place, as from the garriſon of Treviſa, a ſtrong town about five and twenty miles from Padua. Here amongſt other captains was maſter Luke Malleveche, an enterpriſing ſoldier if ever there was one. Two or three times a week he rouſed up the Emperor's camp; and if he ſaw opportunity did not ſpare himſelf amongſt the enemy; but if not, he prudently retired, and never loſt a man.

This proceeding annoyed the good Knight much, and having by his ſpies, whom he paid ſo well they would rather have died than deceive him, got good intelligence of the movements of Malleveche, he determined to go and ſeek him in the open country. He

communicated his project to the captains La Clayette and La Crote, and some other of his good comrades; and between two and three in the morning, in the month of September, they got to horse with about a hundred men-at-arms without sound of trumpet or any noise. They had their guide before them well guarded by four archers, and promised him good payment if he were faithful, but threatened him with death if he betrayed them.

About ten miles off, as day was breaking, they perceived a large palace with a long walled inclosure. The spy informed the good Knight that if Malleveche made a sortie from Trevisa to visit their camp that day, he must needs pass in front of it; and if they would conceal themselves there (for the place was deserted by reason of the war), they might see him pass without being discovered. They accordingly entered, and after waiting a couple of hours heard a great trampling of horses.

The good Knight had made an old archer of his company, named Monart, get up into a pigeon house that he might see who passed and their number. He descried Malleveche whilst yet at a distance with about a hundred men-at-arms all helmeted, and full two hundred Albanians under the command of a captain Scanderbeg, all well mounted and apparently effective men. They passed at ball range from the place where the

French were in ambuſh, and Monart deſcended in high ſpirits to make his report. All were well pleaſed, and the good Knight deſired them to regirth their horſes, ſaying, "Gentlemen, it is ten years ſince we had ſuch "an adventure. They are double our number, but "if we are gentle gallants, that is nothing. Let us after "them." "March! march!" reſponded the others.

The gate was opened and they went at a ſmart trot after thoſe they ſought; and had not proceeded a mile when they perceived them on a fine wide road, on each ſide of which were broad ditches which a man-at-arms, unleſs he were very well mounted, would ſcarcely adventure to leap for fear of ſticking there. The good Knight deſired his trumpet to ſound. The Venetian captains, who never dreamed of having an enemy in their rear, thought it was ſome of their own people wiſhing to join the foray, and pulled up; when at length they perceived that they were in truth enemies. They were a little aſtounded to find themſelves incloſed between the emperor's camp and thoſe whom they now ſaw; but Malleveche exhorted his men to do their duty, as they muſt needs conquer or be undone.

Trumpets began to ſound on both ſides, and when they were about a bow-ſhot apart, they charged one another, crying on one ſide, *The Empire! The Empire! France! France!* and on the other, *Saint Mark!*

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Saint Mark! It was a real pleaſure to hear them. At the firſt charge many were ſtruck to the ground, and Bonnet with his lance pierced a man-at-arms quite through the body. Every one was on his mettle. The Albanians left the high road and abandoned their heavy troops, to attack the French in the rear; which the good Knight immediately perceived and deſired La Crote to protect the rear, and the day would be theirs. He did ſo, and the Albanians were ſo roughly handled that a dozen of them fell, and the reſt fled acroſs the country. La Crote did not purſue them, but returned to the main fight, where he found the Venetians already routed, and every one ſecuring his priſoner. Malleveche, with twenty or thirty of the beſt mounted, leaped their horſes out of the road and fled towards Treviſa. It would have been loſt labour to follow them, their horſes were ſo fleet, and the riders had ſuch hearty good-will for the race. The priſoners were more numerous than their conquerors, for there were at leaſt a hundred and eighty of them, from whom they took their ſwords and maces, and placing them in the middle ſet out on their return to camp.

The emperor was walking in the outſkirts of the camp when they arrived, and ſeeing ſuch a cloud of duſt, ſent a French gentleman of his houſehold, Louis du Peſchin, to aſcertain what it was; who preſently returned, ſaying: "Sire, it is the good knight Bay-

" ard, and the captains La Clayette and La Crote, " who have had the fineſt ſkirmiſh that has taken place " theſe hundred years; for they have more priſoners " than they are men, and have taken two ſtandards." As the French approached, the emperor ſaluted them, and they returned it with the reverence due to ſo high a prince. He complimented each captain as he paſſed, and ſaid to the good Knight, " My lord de Bayard, " my brother your maſter is very fortunate to have " ſuch a ſervant as you; I would give a hundred " thouſand florins a-year to have a dozen like you." " Sire," replied the good Knight, " I very humbly " thank you for the praiſe you are pleaſed to beſtow " on me. One thing I aſſure you, that ſo long as my " maſter is your ally, you will have no more zealous " ſervant than myſelf." They then retired to their quarters, and there was never anything ſo noiſed in the camp as this ſplendid enterpriſe, of which the good Knight bore off the greateſt ſhare of honor though he always gave the merit entirely to his two companions, for a more meek and courteous knight there never was.

A few days after this affair, the good Knight was informed by his ſpies that the captain Scanderbeg and his Albanians, with ſome mounted croſsbowmen under a captain Rinaldo Contarino, had retired to the caſtle of Baſſano, about fifteen miles off, whence they made

daily attacks upon the lanſquenets who were eſcorting the cattle taken from the enemy; and had killed ſome two hundred of them, and re-captured four or five hundred head of oxen and cows.

Being aſſured that they were not more than two hundred light horſe, he was confident of defeating them with thirty picked men-at-arms, and eight or ten gentlemen, who were volunteers in the emperor's camp ſolely for the love they bore the good Knight, and were not men to be eaſily routed.

They ſtarted an hour before daybreak, and were conducted by the ſpy to a paſs within a cannon-ſhot of the caſtle, where there they had not long concealed themſelves when, to their great joy, they heard a trumpet at the caſtle ſounding to horſe. Preſently they ſaw the Albanians and croſsbowmen deſcend as merrily as though they were going to a wedding, expecting to get the ſame booty they had gained the two previous days; but they were miſtaken, as you ſhall hear.

The only acceſs to the caſtle was over a little wooden bridge which two men might defend againſt five hundred; and as ſoon as the enemy had paſſed, the good Knight deſpatched the lord de Bonnet and Mypont with ſix men-at-arms and a dozen archers, to take poſſeſſion of the bridge; whilſt he and the reſt were conducted by the ſpy over a mountain paſs to the plain,

where they deſcried their enemies at the diſtance of a culverin's range, marching for Vicenza, where they expected to find their prey. The good Knight deſired the baſtard du Fay, his guidon, to take twenty archers and ſkirmiſh with them and, as ſoon as they were charged, to turn bridle and pretend to fly; ſo as to lure them to the foot of the mountain where he was in ambuſh. He had no occaſion to ſpeak twice, for the other underſtood his buſineſs well.

As ſoon as captain Scanderbeg perceived the white croſſes of the French, he marched againſt them in high ſpirits, and began to charge them, crying, *Saint Mark! Saint Mark!* The baſtard du Fay, who knew his leſſon by heart, retreated and was briſkly purſued to the ambuſcade; when the good Knight and his men, helmeted and ſword in hand daſhed amongſt them, ſhouting *France! France! the Empire! the Empire!* At the firſt charge more than thirty of the enemy were borne to earth; and after a ſevere conteſt the Albanians and croſsbowmen fled full gallop, thinking to reach Baſſano. If they ran well, the French were not behindhand in purſuing; but the light horſe were too fleet for them and they would have loſt their prey, but for the bridge where Bonnet and his companions diſputed the paſſage. There were taken priſoners ſixty Albanians and thirty croſsbowmen with the two captains; the reſt fled acroſs the country to Treviſa.

There was in the troop of the good Knight a young gentleman of Dauphiny who had juſt been made an archer; named Guigo Guyfray, ſon of the lord de Bontières. He was only between ſixteen and ſeventeen, but of a good race, and eager to diſtinguiſh himſelf. Seeing the enſign of the croſſbowmen, who had leaped a ditch and was endeavouring to eſcape, he purſued him, and with a blow of his demi-lance ſtruck him to the ground; then putting his hand to his ſword, he cried, "Yield thee, enſign, or thou dieſt." The enſign gave him up his ſword and ſtandard, and yielded himſelf his priſoner. He made him remount and carried him ſtraight to the good Knight who was ſounding the recall, having more priſoners than he knew what to do with. "How, Bontieres," ſaid he, "have you taken this ſtandard and this priſoner?" "Yes, my lord, ſince ſo it pleaſed God, and he did "well to ſurrender or I ſhould have ſlain him." At which they all began to laugh, as well as the good Knight, who was delighted beyond meaſure and ſaid, "Bontieres, my friend, you have begun well; may "God give you a good continuance."

The good Knight then ſaid to his companions. "My lords, we muſt have this caſtle, for there is great "booty in it; our men ſhall ſhare it."—"It were well "done," ſaid the others, "but it is ſtrong and we have "no artillery."—"Peace," ſaid he, "I know a way to

" have it within a quarter of an hour." He ſent for the captains Scanderbeg and Rinaldo Contarino, to whom he ſaid; " Know you what it is, gentlemen? Have this " place ſurrendered to me forthwith, for I know well " you have the power; or if not, I vow to God I will " have your heads off before the gate this very hour." They replied they would if it were poſſible; which it was; for a nephew of captain Scanderbeg held it, who ſurrendered it as ſoon as his uncle had ſpoken to him.

The good Knight and all his company entered, and found there above five hundred head of cattle, and a great deal of other plunder, which was equally divided amongſt them, the cattle being ſent to Vicenza to be ſold. They found alſo plenty of refreſhment for themſelves and horſes.

After dinner, of which the Venetians were invited to partake, came Bontieres with his priſoner, who was twice as tall as himſelf and thirty years old. The good Knight laughed and ſaid to the Venetians, " Gen- " tlemen, this young lad, who was a page but ſix days " ſince and will not have a beard theſe three years, " has taken your enſign. It is a groſs caſe; for I know " not how it is with you, but we French do not readily " ſurrender our ſtandards but to great odds." The Venetian was aſhamed and ſaid, " By my faith, captain, I " did not yield for fear of him, for I could have ma- " naged a better man than he; but I could not alone re-

" ſiſt your whole troop." The good Knight looked at Bontieres and ſaid, " You hear what your priſoner ſays, " that you are not man enough to take him." " My " lord," replied the boy in great anger, " I beſeech " you grant me one favour." " Yes truly," ſaid the good Knight, " what is it?"—" That you will let me " reſtore him his horſe and arms, and get upon my " own; let us go below, and if I conquer him again " I vow to God he ſhall die; but if he eſcapes, I make " him a preſent of his ranſom." The good Knight was never more pleaſed, and ſaid aloud, " Truly I " grant it." However the Venetian would not accept the offer, which redounded but little to his honour, though much to that of Bontieres.

After dinner they returned to the camp with their priſoners, and were much applauded by the Emperor and all the Germans, Hainaulters and Burgundians. The lord de La Paliſſe was delighted, particularly with the ſtory of Bontieres and his priſoner, which occaſioned much laughter throughout the camp.

CHAPTER XV.

How the Emperor Maximilian raiſed the ſiege of Padua; and how the good Knight narrowly eſcaped being betrayed by a ſpy into the hands of captain John Paul Monfrone.

THE Emperor at length finding the breach practicable, determined on ſtorming the town of Padua, and ſent his ſecretary with a letter to the lord de La Paliſſe requeſting him, when he heard the great drum about mid-day, to have the French gentlemen ready to go to the aſſault on foot with his own infantry. The lord de La Paliſſe thought this a ſtrange manner of proceeding, but replied, that he was ſurprized that the Emperor had not ſent for his comrades and himſelf to deliberate more adviſedly upon the buſineſs; but that he would ſend for them and ſhew them the letter; and he believed there would not be one of them who would not obey

whatever the Emperor ſhould command. He then ſummoned to his quarters all the French captains.

It was already noiſed throughout the camp that the aſſault was to take place about mid-day; and you might then have ſeen a curious ſcene. The prieſts were retained with large fees of gold to confeſs them, as every one wiſhed to be in a good ſtate of preparation; and there were ſeveral men-at-arms who entruſted them with their purſes to take charge of; and we need not therefore doubt but that our friends the chaplains would have been very willing that thoſe, whoſe money they had, ſhould have remained in the breach. One thing I would impreſs on thoſe who read this hiſtory; that for five hundred years there had been no prince's camp in which was ſeen ſo much wealth; and there was ſcarcely a day in which three or four hundred lanſquenets did not leave it with oxen and cows, corn, ſilk and other things for Germany, ſo that the damage to Padua amounted to two millions of crowns in moveables and in houſes and palaces burnt and deſtroyed.

But to return to our narrative. When the French captains arrived at the quarters of the lord de La Paliſſe, he ſaid to them; "Gentlemen, we muſt dine; "for I have ſomething to tell you, which if I told you "before dinner, it might take away your appetites." He ſpoke thus in jeſt, for he well knew his companions, that there was not one of them who was not a Hector

or a Roland, and above all the good Knight, who was never in his life put out by anything he ſaw or heard.

During dinner they kept up an interchange of raillery in all honour and pleaſantry: and when it was ended the lord de La Paliſſe communicated to them the Emperor's letter. When they had heard it, they looked at one another laughing to ſee who would ſpeak firſt. The lord d'Hymbercourt began, and ſaid; "My lord, "we muſt not be ſo long thinking of it. Tell the "Emperor we are all ready. I am already tired of "being in the field, and beſides, good wine is begin-"ning to fail us." At which they all laughed. All the captains ſpoke, except the good Knight, and agreed with the lord d' Hymbercourt. The lord de La Paliſſe ſeeing him pretending to pick his teeth, as if he had not heard the propoſal, ſaid to him laughing; "Well "Hercules of France, what ſay you to it; this is no "time to pick your teeth; we muſt anſwer the Em-"peror promptly."

The good Knight, who was always in merry mood, replied jeſtingly; "If we are to believe my lord "d'Hymbercourt, we have only to go ſtraight to the "breach; but ſince it is a diſagreeable paſtime enough "for men-at-arms to go on foot, I would gladly excuſe "myſelf. However ſince I muſt give my opinion, I "will do ſo. The Emperor in his letter deſires you "to diſmount all the French gentlemen to go to the

" aſſault with his lanſquenets. For myſelf, though I " have little of this world's wealth, I am ſtill a gentle- " man; all the reſt of you are great lords, and of great " houſes; and ſo are many of our men-at-arms. Does " the Emperor deem it a reaſonable thing to put ſo " much nobility in peril and hazard with his infantry, " of whom one is a ſhoemaker, another a blackſmith, " another a baker, and others mechanics, who do not " prize their honour ſo dearly as gentlemen? Saving " his grace, it is not well conſidered. But my advice " is that you, my lord, ſhould anſwer the Emperor thus: " that you have aſſembled your captains as he wiſhed, " who are prepared to do his bidding, according to the " charge they have from the King their maſter; but " that he muſt underſtand that their ſaid maſter has no " men in his ordonnance companies who are not gen- " tlemen. To mix them with the infantry, who are of " low condition, would be to hold them in little eſteem; " but the Emperor has plenty of German counts, lords " and gentlemen. Let him diſmount them with the " French men-at-arms, and the latter will willingly ſhew " them the way, and then the lanſquenets will follow " if they know that the affair is going well." When the good Knight had given his opinion, no objection was made, but his advice was deemed conſiſtent with honour and reaſon.

This reply was accordingly ſent to the Emperor, to

whom it appeared very fair and reaſonable. He forthwith by drum and trumpet aſſembled his court, to which repaired all the princes, lords and captains of Germany, Burgundy and Hainault, and communicated to them his intention to ſtorm the place within an hour, and his deſire that they would accompany the French gentlemen to the breach. He had ſcarcely ceaſed ſpeaking, when there aroſe a wondrous ſtrange murmur amongſt his Germans which laſted half an hour before it was appeaſed. They declared that it was not their buſineſs to diſmount or to ſtorm a breach; but to fight like gentlemen on horſeback; and they all poſitively refuſed to go, with the exception of the gentle prince of Anhalt and the captain Jacob who was afterwards in the ſervice of the King of France, and killed at the battle of Ravenna. The Emperor was ſo diſguſted at their refuſal that he retired that very night forty miles from the camp, and thence ſent orders to raiſe the ſiege.

This was a diſpiriting and troubleſome affair, by reaſon of the hundred and forty pieces of artillery to be removed, and the inſufficiency of equipage for the purpoſe. The French were ordered to eſcort the artillery; but the prince of Anhalt who knew the baſeneſs of his countrymen, never left the artillery with his force of ſeven or eight thouſand men; and was continually fighting and repelling the ſevere ſorties of the garriſon. The ſiege was however raiſed with little loſs to the

Germans or the French; but one great pity was that in ſpite of the efforts of the good Knight to prevent it, the German lanſquenets fired their quarters wherever they paſſed.

Upon the retreat of the imperial army, the good Knight was left in garriſon at Verona with about four hundred men-at-arms whom the King of France lent to the Emperor; and thence he had many ſkirmiſhes with the Venetians, commanded by captain John Paul Monfrone. In one of theſe he fell into an ambuſcade; and was twice taken and reſcued in the ſame day; but that very night he ſurprized and cut to pieces ſeveral hundred Venetian infantry.

For this the captain Monfrone was determined to be revenged ſome way or other. There was a ſpy named Vizentino, who went to and fro between Verona and Saint Boniface where the captain was ſtationed, and was in the pay both of him and of the good Knight, giving each to underſtand that he was devoted to his ſervice. Monfrone promiſed this man a hundred golden ducats if he would give the good Knight falſe intelligence that he was to ſet out for Lignago the next morning with only three hundred light horſe. He expected that the good Knight would come out to ſkirmiſh with him, when he would attack him with two hundred men-at-arms and two thouſand infantry whom he meant to place in ambuſh at Iſola della Scala.

Spies, as every one knows, are the creatures of dame Avarice, and ſerve her at a great riſk; for if one out of ſix who are taken eſcapes, he may well thank God for it, for the true medicine for their malady is a rope. This fellow told his ſtory to the good Knight who had juſt ſupped, and who, after ordering him to be well entertained, haſtened to communicate it to the captains Pierrepoint and La Varenne, the baſtard du Fay, and captain Sucker a Burgundian who was ſupping with him. They determined to ſtart at daylight with two hundred men-at-arms, and to impart their enterprize to the lord de Conty who readily agreed to join them. It fortunately happened that as they were retiring to their reſpective quarters to prepare for the morrow, the captain Sucker perceived the ſpy coming out of the houſe of a gentlemen of Verona who was thought to be no good imperialiſt, but to have Saint Mark written on his heart. He immediately ſuſpected treaſon, and ſeizing the ſpy by the collar, aſked him whence he came. His changing colour and confuſion increaſed the captain's ſuſpicions, and he forthwith carried him back to the quarters of the good Knight, who was juſt retiring to bed. However he ſlipped on his dreſſing gown, and they ſat over the fire while Sucker related what had happened. The good Knight had no more doubt of the ſpy's treachery than Sucker had; and having called him in threatened him with

death if he ſpoke falſe, but promiſed that he ſhould ſuffer no injury if he declared the truth. The poor wretch ſaw there was no eſcape, and falling on his knees detailed the whole treachery, and moreover that he had been to maſter Baptiſte to concert how he might find means to betray one of the gates of the town to maſter Andrea Gritti during the night. But he declared that maſter Baptiſte had declined having anything to do with ſuch villainy, but ſaid he would live and die under the Emperor. The ſpy was then taken away and locked up in a room till he ſhould be wanted, and the good Knight deſired the captain Sucker to go to the Prince of Anhalt's quarters and relate the whole matter to him, and requeſt him to let them have two thouſand lanſquenets the next morning. The gentle Prince, who was awoke out of his ſleep, ſaid he was ſorry not to have known ſooner of the enterprize, for he would then have joined them; but that the good Knight might diſpoſe of his men as he would himſelf.

As ſoon as the gate was opened in the morning the party ſet out; and leaving Sucker with the lanſquenets in ambuſh at Servoda, a little village about two miles from Iſola della Scala, the good Knight and the lord de Conty purſued their way towards the latter place, feigning to know nothing of what was going on within it.

They were in a fine plain and ſaw at a diſtance the

captain Monfrone with ſome light horſe. The good Knight ſent his guidon the baſtard du Fay with ſome archers to ſkirmiſh with them; and himſelf followed with his men-at-arms. But he had not gone far when he ſaw the infantry of the ſtate and a troop of men-at-arms ſallying from Iſola. Pretending ſurpriſe, he deſired the trumpet to ſound the recall; which the baſtard du Fay hearing, retreated according to his inſtructions with his whole troop in cloſe order; and feigning to retire ſtraight on Verona, approached by degrees the village where their lanſquenets were in ambuſh; an archer having been ſent on to deſire Sucker to make a ſortie in order of battle.

The Venetian men-at-arms, having their body of infantry on their flank, made frequent charges on the French, and raiſed ſuch an uproar that you could not have heard it thunder; thinking their enemies could not eſcape. The French did not break their ranks, but ſkirmiſhed cautiouſly, till they were about a bow-ſhot from Servoda, when the Venetians were aſtoniſhed to ſee the lanſquenets iſſue forth at a briſk pace and in cloſe order. "Now gentlemen" exclaimed the good Knight, "is the time to charge." This they inſtantly did, and the Venetians proved themſelves good men, though many were borne to the ground. Their infantry could not fly, for ſafety was too diſtant, and they were in like manner charged by the lanſquenets.

Unable to ſtand the ſhock, they were broken, routed and cut to pieces without a ſingle priſoner being taken. Monfrone did his devoir well, but perceiving that if he did not take to flight he muſt be killed or priſoner, he retreated at full gallop towards Saint Boniface, and was hotly purſued. The good Knight however ſounded the recall, and every one returned; but with a great gang of priſoners and rich booty. The loſs of the Venetians was very ſevere; for their two thouſand infantry and at leaſt five and twenty men-at-arms were killed, and about ſixty of the latter were taken priſoners and carried to Verona; where the French, Burgundians and lanſquenets were joyfully received by their comrades, who were much vexed not to have been with them.

When the good Knight returned to his quarters he ſent for the ſpy, and ſaid "Vizentino, according to my "promiſe you ſhall depart for the Venetian camp; and "you may aſk captain John Paul Monfrone, if captain "Bayard is as ſubtle in war as himſelf; and tell him "whenever he wiſhes to take me, he ſhall find me in "the field." He then ordered two of his archers to conduct him out of the town. Vizentino went ſtraight to Saint Boniface, where Monfrone had him ſeized and hanged for a traitor; nor would he liſten to any excuſe he made.

CHAPTER XVI.

How the Pope Julius declared war againſt the Duke of Ferrara and beſieged Mirandola in perſon; and how he narrowly eſcaped being taken priſoner by the good Knight.

I MUST paſs over many intereſting and important events which took place in Italy; for the time would fail me to tell of all the ſkirmiſhes between the French and the Venetians; of the arrival in Italy of the nephew of Louis the twelfth, the gentle duke de Nemours, Gaſton de Foix, who well deſerves a ſpecial chronicle; of the ſiege and capture of Lignago by the French under the lord de Chaumont; of the ſecond ſiege and capture by the French of the caſtle of Montſelles; and of the ſhameful defeat and deſtruction of a French ſkirmiſhing party from Lignago led by Guyon de Cantiers, who fell into an ambuſh prepared for him by the Vene-

tian captain Andrea Gritti. I muſt however ſpeak of a wondrous pitiful event which occurred ſoon after the taking of Lignago.

Great numbers of people had fled their homes on account of the war; and about two thouſand perſons, men and women, amongſt whom were ſome of greateſt note in the country, had retired to a cave in a mountain near the village of Longaro. This cave was nearly a mile long, and they had conveyed thither great ſtore of proviſions, as well as ſome munitions of war and hacquebutes to defend the entrance; which was nearly impregnable, for only one perſon could enter at a time. The adventurers, who the more worthleſs they are in war are ever the more ready to pillage, came to the entrance of the cave which is called in the Italian language the grotto of Longaro. They wiſhed to enter; but were civilly requeſted to depart as they could gain nothing there, thoſe who were within having left all their effects in their houſes. Theſe raſcals did not take their prayers in payment but attempted to force an entrance, which the others would not permit, and fired two or three ſhots at them which killed two on the ſpot. The reſt went to ſeek their comrades, who ever ready for miſchief ſoon arrived, and knowing they could not enter by force, bethought themſelves of a daſtardly and wicked ſcheme; for they collected at the aperture a quantity of wood,

ſtraw and hay, and ſet fire to it, which ſoon produced ſo horrible a ſmoke in the cave, to which there was no other admittance for the air, that all within were ſuffocated and died a martyr's death without being ever touched by the fire. There were ſeveral gentlemen and ladies who, after the fire was extinguiſhed and the place entered, were found dead, the latter with their infants by their ſide as though they were aſleep. It was a horrible and piteous ſight. The adventurers got great booty; but the grand maſter and all the captains were marvellouſly diſpleaſed, and above all the good Knight, who ſpent the whole day in diſcovering the perpetrators. He ſeized two of them, of whom one had loſt both his ears, and the other, one; and they were hung in his preſence by the provoſt of the camp before the grotto. Whilſt this was doing there emerged from the cave, as if by miracle, a young lad about fifteen, who ſeemed more dead than alive, and was quite yellow with the ſmoke. The good Knight inquired of him how he was ſaved. He replied that when he ſaw the ſmoke ſo thick, he retired to the farther end of the cave where there was a very ſmall crevice in the mountain by which he obtained air. He added a piteous thing, which was that ſeveral gentlemen and their wives when they perceived them applying fire, wiſhed to make a ſortie, knowing their death was otherwiſe inevitable; but the

peaſants who were with them, and much the moſt numerous, would not ſuffer them, but oppoſed them with the points of their roncies, ſaying that they ſhould die as well as themſelves. And thus they were aſſailed at once by the fire and by their own people.

On the march from Longaro to Montſelles, the lord d'Alegre and the good Knight, with the lord Mercurio and his Albanians, (he being then in the Emperor's ſervice,) fell in with ſome light horſe of the ſtate of Venice, called Croats, who are more Turks than Chriſtians, and who had come to ſee if they could carry off any booty from the camp. They were all, however, taken priſoners, and amongſt them the lord Mercurio recogniſed the captain, who was his couſin-german and had ouſted him by force from his inheritance in Croatia, and was the greateſt enemy he had in the world. He upbraided him with the injuries he had done him, and obſerved, it was now in his power to take vengeance. The other admitted it was true, but ſaid he had been taken in fair war, and ought therefore to go free on payment of ſuch ranſom as was in his power to give, and he offered ſix thouſand ducats and ſix handſome Turkiſh horſes. "We will ſpeak of "that more at leiſure," ſaid the lord Mercurio, "but "on your faith, if I were your priſoner, as you are "mine, what would you do with me?" The other replied, "Since you preſs me ſo ſtrongly on my faith,

"I tell you that if you were at my mercy, as I am at "yours, all the gold in the world would not ſave you "from being cut in pieces." "Truly," ſaid the lord Mercurio, "I will treat you no worſe." He commanded his Albanians in his language to handle their knives, who inſtantly brought their ſcimitars into play, and there was neither captain or other who did not receive a dozen more wounds than were enough to inſure death. They then cut off their heads, which they ſtuck on the points of their eſtradiot lances, and ſaid they were not Chriſtians.[1] They had a ſtrange head-dreſs, for it was like a young lady's hat; and where the head was inſerted, was lined with five or ſix folds of thick paper, ſo that a ſword could have no more effect upon it than on a ſecrette.

I muſt now paſs on to the war which ſoon after the capture of Montſelles broke out between the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara, in which the good Knight acquired great honour.

The Pope Julius was very deſirous of getting poſſeſſion of the duchy of Ferrara, which he pretended belonged to the ſtates of the Church; and with this view he withdrew from the King of France's alliance, and prepared a large army in Bologna to march into the duchy. The Duke of Ferrara applied for aſſiſtance to his ally the King of France, who ſent him the lords Montoiſon and Fontrailles, and the good Knight,

with three or four thouſand infantry, and eight hundred Swiſs under a captain named Jacob Zemberc; all of whom were well received at Ferrara by the Duke and Ducheſs and all the inhabitants.

The Duke and all the French who were with him took up their quarters at a place called Oſpitalet, between two branches of the Po, over which they made a bridge of boats. This they guarded well, for by it they made frequent incurſions upon their enemies.

The Pope arrived by ſlow marches at a large village called Saint Felix, between Concordia and Mirandola. Thence he ſent to the Counteſs of Mirandola, then a widow, to deliver up her town to him; but ſhe, who was daughter of Jean Jacques of Trevulce and had the courage of her father, was devoted to the French intereſts, and would rather have died. She returned for anſwer, that the town was her own, and that by God's help ſhe would defend it againſt all who attempted to take it from her. The Pope was very angry, and ſwore by Saint Peter and Saint Paul that he would have it by fair means or by force, and ordered his nephew, the Duke d'Urbino, his captain-general, to go and lay ſiege to it.

Count Alexander of Trevulce, who commanded for his couſin the Counteſs, applied to the Duke of Ferrara for ſuccour, who ſent him two gunners and a hundred good companions, with whom went two young gentle-

men, one of Dauphiny, named Monchènu, nephew of the lord de Montoiſon, and the other named Chantemerle, nephew of the lord du Lude. The good Knight addreſſed them at parting thus; "My ſons, you are "going to a lady's ſervice; ſhew yourſelves gentle "warriors to deſerve her favour; and quit yourſelves "ſo that you may be ſpoken of. The place you are "going to is good and ſtrong; and if it is beſieged, "you will have an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing your-"ſelves in defending it;" and much other joyous diſcourſe did he hold with them to give them heart; and then with his company eſcorted them to the town, where they had not arrived three days before the ſiege commenced, and a ſharp cannonade was kept up between the beſiegers and the town.

The good Knight, who never ſpared his money to have good intelligence from his ſpies, was informed by them that the Pope would leave Saint Felix the next day, with his cardinals, biſhops, and prothonotaries, eſcorted by a hundred horſe, to join his camp before Mirandola, and he immediately formed a plan for ſeizing the Pope and all his cardinals, which he communicated to the Duke and the lord de Montoiſon.

From Saint Felix to Mirandola the diſtance was ſix good miles, and on the road were many fine palaces which had been abandoned on account of the war.

During the night the good Knight placed himſelf in ambuſh in one of theſe, with a hundred picked men-at-arms, having requeſted the Duke and the lord de Montoiſon to paſs the bridge in the morning with the reſt of the cavalry, and wait for him about four or five miles from Ferrara to receive him in caſe of any miſhap or his being purſued.

The Pope, who was an early riſer, got into his litter at daybreak to go ſtraight to his camp, and was preceded by his prothonotaries, clerks and officers of all ſorts, to prepare his quarters. When the good Knight heard them approach, he quitted his ambuſh and charged them. They, terrified, turned about and, giving their horſes the rein, fled full gallop, crying, Alarm! Alarm! But this would not have ſerved, and the Pope, his cardinals and biſhops would have been taken but for an accident very fortunate for the holy father, but moſt unlucky for the good Knight. It was this; that the Pope in his litter had not gone a cannon-ſhot from Saint Felix when there fell ſuch a ſnow-ſtorm as had not been ſeen for a century, ſo thick that they could not ſee one another. The Cardinal of Pavia, who was then the Pope's prime miniſter, ſaid to him; "Holy father, it is impoſſible "to croſs the country whilſt this laſts; it is neceſſary "and your duty to return;" to which the Pope aſſented; and as ill luck would have it, as the fugitives

were returning, and the good Knight ſpurring in purſuit, juſt as he arrived at Saint Felix, the Pope was entering the caſtle, who, hearing the cry, was ſo frightened, that he leaped from his litter without aſſiſtance, and himſelf helped to raiſe the drawbridge; which was done like a man who had his ſenſes about him, for had he tarried the ſaying of a pater noſter he had been caught.

The good Knight was much chagrined at his failure, though it was no fault of his, for never was an enterprize better concerted. However, having no artillery, and fearing leſt he might be diſcovered by thoſe at the camp who might cauſe him ſome diſgrace, he commenced his retreat, having taken as many priſoners as he choſe, amongſt whom were two biſhops, and a number of draught mules which his men carried off. He encountered the Duke and the lord de Montoiſon at the appointed place, who comforted him as well as they could, and they returned merrily to Ferrara, having diſmiſſed moſt of the priſoners and the two biſhops on payment of a light ranſom.

The Pope was in a fever all day from the fright he had had, and at night ſent for his nephew the Duke d'Urbino, who came with four hundred men-at-arms to eſcort him to Mirandola. He remained before it three weeks, and would never have taken it but for a ſimilar accident. It ſnowed ſo faſt for ſix days and

nights without ceaſing that the ſnow was five feet deep; and it then froze ſo hard that the moats of Mirandola were two feet thick of ice, and a cannon with its carriage falling from the edge of the moat on the ice did not break it. Two wide breaches had been made in the walls, and the garriſon, ſeeing no proſpect of relief, ſurrendered upon terms. The Pope did not condeſcend to enter Mirandola by the gate, but had a bridge made acroſs the moat, over which he paſſed, and entered by one of the breaches.

Upon the capture of Mirandola, the Duke, fearing he ſhould be beſieged in Ferrara, broke up his bridge, and retired to his capital, reſolved to defend it to the laſt day of his life.

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Pope ſent a ſtrong force againſt La Baſtide; and how it was defeated by the advice of the good Knight; and of the intrigues of the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara againſt each other.

FROM Mirandola the Pope deſpatched two Spaniſh commanders with two hundred men-at-arms, and a Venetian captain, Giovanni Forte, with five hundred light horſe and five or ſix thouſand foot, accompanied by ſix pieces of heavy artillery, to attack the town of La Baſtide, about five and twenty miles from Ferrara. He had been adviſed that if this place were once taken, Ferrara would be deprived of ſupplies, and would be reduced by famine in the courſe of two months. When this great force arrived and commenced cannonading the place, the commandant of La Baſtide was not a little diſmayed; but he determined to do his duty, and deſpatched a meſſenger by ſtealth to the Duke, telling him that if he

were not relieved in twenty-four hours it would go hard with him, for he had but five-and-twenty fighting men.

The meſſenger uſed ſuch diligence that he arrived at Ferrara in ſix hours. The good Knight was taking the air at a gate by which the meſſenger entered, who was challenged and taken before him. When he had heard his tale, he took him ſtraight to the Duke, who with the lord de Montoiſon, was on his mule in the market place, diſcuſſing their affairs. When the Duke had heard the man's ſtory and was reading the letter of the commandant, he was obſerved to turn pale, and his colour came and went. When he had finiſhed the reading, he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and exclaimed, "If I loſe La Baſtide, I may as well abandon "Ferrara, and I do not ſee how it can be relieved "within the time here ſpecified; for he requires ſuc- "cour in the courſe of to-morrow, and it is impoſſi- "ble." "Why ſo?" aſked the lord de Montoiſon. "Becauſe" ſaid the Duke, "it is twenty five miles "from this; and moreover one muſt march by a road "where it is neceſſary to go in ſingle file for the ſpace "of half a mile; and if our enemies ſhould be made "acquainted with a paſs there is on that route, twenty "men might ſtop the paſſage of ten thouſand. How- "ever I think they are ignorant of it."

When the good Knight ſaw the Duke ſo diſ-

heartened, and not without cauſe, he ſaid " My lord, " when it is a matter of little conſequence, we may " leave Fortune to herſelf, but when it is a queſtion of " our deſtruction, we muſt provide againſt it by all the " means in our power. You have in this town ſome " five thouſand infantry, all gentle companions and " well trained in war. Let us ſend two thouſand " of them and captain Jacob's eight hundred Swiſs in " boats to the paſs you mention; for you are ſtill " maſter of the Po as far as Argente. The men-at- " arms will march thither all night ſo as to arrive there " at day break. If they are firſt, they will ſeize the " paſs, and there we will rejoin each other. There " are ſcarcely three miles from that place to La Baſtide. " The enemy will never dream of our enterprize; we " will attack them before they can form in order of " battle, and my heart tells me we ſhall be ſucceſsful."

The Duke was enchanted. " By my faith, my lord " de Bayard" ſaid he, " nothing is impoſſible to you; " and upon my honour, I doubt not we ſhall give a " good account of our enemies, if theſe gentlemen are " of your opinion;—And (taking off his hat) I earneſtly " entreat them to aſſent." The lord de Montoiſon replied, " My lord, it is not for us to require your en- " treaties; we will do what you command, for ſuch " are the king our maſter's inſtructions." The lord de Lude and captain Fontrailles ſaid the ſame. The cap-

tains of infantry were ſent for, and the ſcheme communicated to them, which was like tranſlating them to paradiſe. The boats were prepared without any noiſe, for there were plenty of ſtout papaliſts in the town; and the infantry were embarked with good and truſty boatmen.

The cavalry with the Duke in perſon ſet out at nightfall with good guides, and though the weather was very tempeſtuous, they arrived at the paſs half an hour before daybreak, and to their great joy found it unoccupied. In another half hour the infantry arrived, and they then proceeded over this paſs, which was ſo narrow a bridge over a deep canal between the Po and La Baſtide that only one man-at-arms could croſs at a time. They were a full hour in paſſing, ſo that it was clear daylight; at which the Duke was uneaſy, and hearing no firing thought the place muſt have been taken. But whilſt he was ſpeaking to the French captains, they heard to their great ſatisfaction three cannon ſhots in ſucceſſion.

The good Knight addreſſed them thus; "Gentlemen, I have always heard that he who deſpiſes his "enemy is a fool; we are cloſe to ours, and they are "three to one. If they knew what we were about we "ſhould have plenty of work on our hands; for they "have artillery and we none; beſides that they are the "flower of the Pope's army. I ſhould adviſe that

" the baſtard du Fay my guidon, who underſtands
" theſe things, ſhould give them an alarm with ſome
" fifteen or twenty horſe from the quarter whence the
" enemy came; and that he ſhould be ſupported at the
" diſtance of a bow-ſhot by captain Pierrepoint with a
" hundred men-at-arms and captain Jacob with his
" Swiſs. You my lord, and the lord de Montoiſon,
" my comrades and myſelf will go direct to their po-
" ſition. We ſhall thus encloſe them; and they will
" be ſo ſurprized they will not know what to do, for
" they will think us three times more numerous than
" we are; and to confirm them in this notion let all
" our trumpets ſound when we attack them."

Now the good Knight was a true chronicle of battles, wherefore from his great experience every one reſpected his opinion. His plan was immediately put in execution. The baſtard du Fay ſuddenly ſurprized the camp with a warm alarm. The enemy began to arm and mount to repel him; but when they had driven him back two hundred paces, they were encountered by captain Pierrepoint, who charged them fiercely and gave them a ſevere check. Their infantry began to form, and had they accompliſhed doing ſo, it had been from their great numbers a deadly and dangerous combat for the Ferrareſe; but the Swiſs attacked them when about five or ſix thouſand had formed. The Swiſs were ſeverely repulſed; and would have been broken, had not the

men-at-arms ſuccoured them by charging the enemy in flank. Meanwhile arrived the Duke, the lords de Montoiſon, de Lude and de Fontrailles and the good Knight with their cavalry and two thouſand foot, who attacked them in rear and threw them into confuſion. Fontrailles and the good Knight perceiving a body of three or four hundred horſe attempting to rally, collected their men, and crying *France! France! the Duke! the Duke!* charged them ſo furiouſly that moſt were borne to the earth.

The enemy fought for a good hour; but at laſt loſt the field, and took to flight. The Duke and the French made a great ſlaughter of them; for there were ſlain between four and five thouſand foot, and above ſixty men-at-arms; and more than three hundred horſes were taken, together with all their baggage and artillery; ſo that every one had difficulty in carrying off his booty. I know not how chroniclers and hiſtorians have elſewhere ſpoken of this battle of La Baſtide, but there had not for a hundred years been one better fought nor at ſo great hazard. However the riſk muſt needs have been incurred, or the Duke and the French were loſt. They returned in triumph to the town and were received with great applauſe; particularly by the good Ducheſs, who was a pearl among ladies; and gave them daily banquets and entertainments in the Italian ſtyle. One may venture

to ſay that there was not a princeſs of her time more beautiful, good, ſweet and courteous. She ſpoke Spaniſh, Greek, Italian and French, and very tolerable Latin, and compoſed in all theſe languages; and it is certain that, bold and wiſe a prince as her huſband was, he was indebted to his lady's graciouſneſs for many great ſervices that were rendered him.

When the Pope heard of the defeat of his troops at La Baſtide, he ſwore to be revenged, and would have forthwith beſieged Ferrara, but was diſſuaded by his captains and particularly the Duke d'Urbino, who would willingly have had him friends with the King of France. They repreſented to him the difficulty and danger of ſuch an enterpriſe, and could ſcarcely prevail with him; for he repeated a hundred times a day, "*Ferrara! Ferrara! I will have thee by the body of Chriſt!*" Failing in his attempts to carry on a correſpondence with his partizans in the town, and ſix or ſeven of his ſpies having by the vigilance of the Duke and the good Knight been ſeized and hanged, he bethought him of an atrocious ſcheme. This was to make overtures to the Duke, promiſing to give one of his nieces in marriage to the Duke's eldeſt ſon, to forego all his claims, and moreover to make him the ſacred ſtandard bearer and captain general of the Church, provided he would ſend away the French troops. He thought that if this were done, the French

on leaving Ferrara would be at his mercy; and vowed that not one of them ſhould eſcape. He employed as his meſſenger to the Duke one maſter Auguſtin Guerlo, a great adept in intrigue and treachery, but who ſuffered for it at laſt, for the lord d'Aubigny ſome time afterwards had him beheaded at Breſcia where he was practiſing his treaſon againſt him.

The Duke liſtened to his propoſals and affected to enter into the Pope's views, though he had too noble and gentle a heart, and had rather have been torn in pieces by four horſes, than even have thought of conſenting to ſuch cowardly treachery. Having ordered refreſhments for maſter Auguſtin and locked him up in a room of the palace, he went attended by a ſingle gentleman to the quarters of the good Knight, and related the whole matter to him. The good Knight croſſed himſelf frequently, and would with difficulty believe that the Pope could entertain ſo wicked a deſign.

After conſulting together they agreed that the Duke ſhould return to maſter Auguſtin, and endeavour to win him over from the intereſts of the Pope to their own party. The vile avaricious villain was ſoon gained over by the Duke's repreſentations and promiſes, and a bargain was ſtruck, that the Duke ſhould give him two thouſand ducats down and an annuity of five hundred.

The Duke then left the room, and returned to the good Knight who was amuſing himſelf on the ramparts in making them clear an embraſure. Seeing the Duke approach he went to meet him, and taking him by the hand, they walked aſide on the ramparts, while the Duke informed him that the Pope's wicked intentions towards the French would recoil on himſelf, for that he had gained over his emiſſary, who had aſſured him that within eight days at furtheſt the Pope would not be alive. The good Knight who had no idea of his meaning, replied, "How ſo, my lord; has he "ſpoken with God?" "Never mind," ſaid the Duke, "but ſo it will be;" and from one thing to another he proceeded to intimate that maſter Auguſtin had promiſed him to poiſon the Pope. At theſe words the good Knight croſſed himſelf repeatedly, and ſaid, "Oh! my lord, I never will believe that ſo gentle a "prince as you would conſent to ſuch treachery; and "did I know it, I ſwear by my ſoul I would inform "the Pope before night; for I believe that God "would never pardon ſo horrible a crime."—"Why" ſaid the Duke, "he wanted to do as much to you "and me; and you know we have already hung ſeven "or eight ſpies."—"That troubles me not" replied the good Knight; "he is the vicegerent of God upon "earth; and to cauſe his death in this manner, I never "will conſent." The Duke ſhrugged his ſhoulders,

and ſpitting on the ground, ſaid; "S'death! my lord "de Bayard, I would have deſtroyed all mine enemies "thus: but ſince you diſapprove, the matter ſhall "reſt where it is; but, unleſs God mend it, we ſhall "ſuffer for it."—"Let us ſuffer for it" replied the good Knight, "if ſuch be God's will; but I pray you "my lord, hand me over the fellow who would do "this deed; and if I do not hang him within an hour, "may I hang in his place."—"No, my lord de Bayard," anſwered the Duke, "I have promiſed to ſend "him away in ſafety." This he did on his return to the palace; and the Pope, very wroth at being unable to ſucceed in his ſchemes, retired ſoon after to Bologna and quartered his troops in the neighbourhood of Modena. Within two years after, his army ſuſtained a ſignal defeat at Bologna from a French army commanded by the lord Jean Jacques; who declared that under God, the victory was due to the good Knight.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of many things which happened in Italy in the courſe of two years; and how two Spaniards fought a duel à l'outrance in the town of Ferrara.

SINCE this book profeſſes to be a hiſtory only of the virtues and atchievements of the good Knight, I muſt paſs over many things not neceſſary to be detailed; as the death by fever, ſoon after the battle of La Baſtide, of the lord de Montoiſon, who was a great loſs to France, and much lamented by the Duke and Ducheſs of Ferrara, as well as by the good Knight and all the French gentlemen. But death is a matter for which there is no remedy. Nor can I detail the expedition of the Duke of Lorraine and the good Knight, to whom the King of France had given the command of a hundred men-at-arms, to retake Goritz and Gradiſca, on the confines of Sclavonia, from the Venetians, and reſtore them to the Emperor. Nor the unfortunate expedition into

Fryol of the lord de La Paliſſe, whom the King of France had ſent with twelve hundred men-at-arms and eight thouſand foot to the Emperor's aſſiſtance, in which they loſt, from want of bread and wine, and other neceſſaries, and through the miſconduct of the Emperor's people, more than four thouſand infantry and a hundred men-at-arms.

About this time died the good lord de Chaumont, that gentle knight who had ſo long been the King of France's lieutenant-general in Lombardy, and had ſo well kept it for his maſter. He had been previouſly ſucceeded in his command by the noble Duke de Nemours, Gaſton de Foix, who went to viſit the Duke and Ducheſs of Ferrara, by whom he was received with great joy and much fêted after the manner of the country; for the gentle Ducheſs underſtood well the manner of it.

The very day of his arrival the Baron de Bearn informed him that if he would, he might enjoy the paſtime of ſeeing a mortal combat between two Spaniards, of whom the one was called the captain Saint Croix, and had been a colonel in the Pope's infantry; and the other the lord Azevedo, who had alſo had a command in the ſame corps. The occaſion of their fighting was, that Azevedo alleged that the captain Saint Croix had intended to aſſaſſinate him wickedly and treacherouſly; and he challenged him upon it; the other replied that

he lied, and accepted the challenge. Wherefore Azevedo came to Ferrara to preſent himſelf to the Duke de Nemours, and requeſt he would give him a field of combat, which he did when the Baron de Bearn had introduced him. When Azevedo was aſſured of his field, he forthwith ſent to his enemy Saint Croix, who did not tarry long. Meanwhile the field of combat was prepared before the palace. Saint Croix arrived well accompanied, for he had with him full one hundred horſe, whoſe chief, whom he had choſen for his ſponſor, was Don Pedro de Coignes, knight of Rhodes and prior of Meſſina. There were with him alſo Don Francis de Beaumont, who ſhortly before had left the ſervice of the King of France, and others. Two days after his arrival he demanded to bring the matter to iſſue in a trial of arms.

They entered the field one Tueſday about an hour after mid-day. Firſt appeared the challenger, Azevedo, with the lord Frederic de Bazolo, whom he had choſen for his ſponſor. As he did not yet know how or with what arms his enemy choſe to fight, he was provided, like a well-adviſed man, with every thing neceſſary for a man-at-arms, whether on horſeback or on foot, in every poſſible way in which fighting could be imagined. Shortly after his entrance the Prior of Meſſina came towards him, carrying two ſecrettes, two very ſharp rapiers, and two daggers, which

he preſented to the lord Azevedo to chooſe from; who took what ſuited him.

Afterwards Saint Croix entered the field. Both knelt down and made their oriſons to God. They were then felt over by the ſponſors to aſcertain that they had no armour under their garments. This done, every one voided the field except the two combatants, the two ſponſors, and the good Knight; who, to honour him the more, and becauſe no one was better acquainted with ſuch matters, was appointed by the Duke of Ferrara maſter and keeper of the field.

The herald then proclaimed, as uſual in ſuch caſes, that no one ſhould make any ſign, by ſpitting, coughing, or otherwiſe, by which any intimation might be conveyed to either of the combatants. They then advanced towards each other. Azevedo held his rapier in his right hand, and his dagger in his left; but Saint Croix ſheathed his dagger, and held only his rapier. You may ſuppoſe it was a very mortal combat, for they had no armour to protect them. They delivered many wary blows; for each had a firm foot and good eye; and much theſe were needed. At length Saint Croix dealt a dangerous blow ſtraight at the face, which Azevedo ſkilfully parried with his rapier; and his own weapon in its deſcent cut his adverſary's thigh to the bone, and the blood incontinently burſt forth in great quantity. Saint Croix attempted

to advance to avenge himſelf, but fell; upon which Azevedo exultingly approached him, ſaying in his language, "Yield thee, Saint Croix, or I will ſlay "thee." But the other, ſitting up and holding his ſword in his hand, exclaimed that he would rather die than yield. Azevedo thereupon ſaid, "Riſe then, "Saint Croix; I will not ſtrike thee thus." And in truth it was dangerous, as having to do with a deſperate man. With the ſtout heart he had, Saint Croix raiſed himſelf and made two ſteps in advance, thinking to run his adverſary through; who retreated a ſtep, beating down his thruſt.

Saint Croix fell a ſecond time, forward on his face; and Azevedo had his ſword raiſed to ſtrike off his head, which he might well have done if he choſe, but he retired his blow. Notwithſtanding all this, Saint Croix would not yield. The Ducheſs of Ferrara, who was with the gentle Duke de Nemours, beſought him with claſped hands to ſeparate them. He replied, "Madam, I would readily do ſo for love of you, but "in honour I neither can nor ought to aſk anything of "the conqueror againſt reaſon." Saint Croix was faſt bleeding to death, when the Prior of Meſſina, his ſponſor, advanced to Azevedo, ſaying, "Lord Aze-"vedo, I know well the heart of captain Saint Croix, "that he would die rather than yield; but ſeeing his "ſtate admits of no alternative, I yield myſelf for

" him." Thus Azevedo remained victor, and kneeling down, very humbly returned thanks to our Lord. A ſurgeon forthwith came and ſtanched Saint Croix's wound; and his people, lifting him up, carried him out of the field with his arms, which Azevedo ſent to demand; but they would not give them up. He came to complain to the Duke of Ferrara; and the good Knight was charged to go and tell Saint Croix that if he would not yield his arms as conquered, the Duke would have him carried back to the field, where his wound ſhould be re-opened, and would put him in the ſame ſtate in which his enemy had left him when his ſponſor had yielded for him. When he ſaw himſelf compelled, he gave up his arms to the good Knight, who, as right required, delivered them to the lord Azevedo, who with trumpets and clarions was conducted to the quarters of the Duke de Nemours. Great honour was ſhewn him; but he requited it ill to the French, which was a great diſgrace to him.

Shortly before this another combat had taken place at Parma between two other Spaniards, who fought on horſeback, with rapier and dagger, and three darts in their hands, and a target; when the ſnow was ſo deep that it was piled up for a barrier. But of this I cannot ſpeak more particularly.

Soon after theſe events the noble Duke de Nemours, learning that the Spaniards were threatening to beſiege

Bologna, aſſembled his troops at Fynal near Ferrara, and himſelf with the greater part of his captains, eſpecially thoſe whom he moſt loved and truſted, ſpent two days at a little town called Carpia. Here they ſupped with the lord of the place Count Albert Mirandula, and in their converſation mention was made of an aſtrologer, who diſplayed a marvellous knowledge both of paſt and future events. Nothing is more certain than that all true chriſtians ſhould hold that God alone knows the future; but this aſtrologer of Carpia foretold ſo many things to ſo many ſorts of people, which afterwards came to paſs, that he ſet all the world a muſing.

The gentle Duke de Nemours, with the appetite which young people have for what is new and marvellous, prayed the Count to ſend for him, which he immediately did. He proved to be about ſixty years of age, ſpare of form and of an average height. The Duke ſhewed him his hand and aſked him what it portended; and he made a fair reply. Amongſt other things the Duke aſked him if the Viceroy of Naples and the Spaniards would ſtay and give battle. He anſwered that they would, and that the battle would take place either on Good Friday or Eaſter Day, and would be very ſevere. He was aſked who would be victorious; his anſwer was in theſe words; "The "French will remain maſters of the field, and the

" Spaniards will ſuffer the heavieſt loſs they have ex-
" perienced theſe hundred years; but the French will
" gain but little, for they will loſe ſo many good and
" honourable men as will be to their great damage."
He ſpoke marvels. The lord de La Paliſſe aſked him if he ſhould fall at this battle. He anſwered, no; that he would live at leaſt a dozen years longer, but that he would die in another battle. He ſaid much the ſame to the lord d'Hymbercourt, and told the captain Richebourg that he would be in great danger of being killed by lightning. In ſhort there was ſcarcely one of the company who did not inquire his deſtiny.

The good Knight treated the matter as a jeſt, but the gentle Duke de Nemours prayed him to aſk what would befall him. He replied " I ought not, for I am
" ſure it will be no great matter; but if you deſire it,
" I will;" and he aſked the aſtrologer if he ſhould ever be a great and rich man. He anſwered; " You will
" be rich in honour and virtue, as ever was captain in
" France; but fortune's favours you will not enjoy,
" nor do you ſeek them. You will ſerve another king
" of France after him you now ſerve, who will love
" and eſteem you much; but envious men will prevent
" his conferring on you great favours, or the honours
" you deſerve; but be always aſſured that the fault
" will not be his." " And ſhall I eſcape from this
" battle, which you ſay will be ſo fatal?" " Yes, but

" you will die in war, within a dozen years at furtheſt;
" and will be killed by fire arms, for otherwiſe you
" would not ſo end your days; for you are too much
" beloved by thoſe under your command for them not
" to ſacrifice their lives rather than leave you in peril."

Obſerving that the Duke de Nemours made much of the lord de La Paliſſe and the good Knight, he drew them both aſide, and ſaid to them in Italian; " Gentle-
" men, I plainly ſee that you love this gentle Prince,
" your chief; and he well deſerves it. Look to him
" on the day of battle, for his deſtiny threatens that
" he ſhall fall in it. If he eſcapes, he will be one of the
" greateſt and moſt exalted perſonages that ever came
" out of France; but it will ſcarcely be that he will
" eſcape. And look well to it, for may I loſe my head
" if ever man were in ſuch hazard of death as he will
" be." Alas! curſed be the hour in which he ſpoke ſo truly! The Duke aſked them ſmiling what he was ſaying to them, but the good Knight made a jeſting reply and avoided anſwering his queſtion.

CHAPTER XIX.

How maſter Andrea Gritti, providador general of the Signory of Venice got poſſeſſion of the town of Breſcia; and how it was again recaptured by the Duke de Nemours; and how the good Knight was wounded almoſt to death.

NOT long after this the Duke ſet out from Fynal and marched to the relief of Bologna, though it was in the middle of winter and the roads nearly impaſſable, and compelled the Spaniards to raiſe the ſiege.

Meanwhile the Venetians were trying every means to regain poſſeſſion of the town of Breſcia, which is one of the ſtrongeſt and fineſt cities in Europe, and ſupplied with all manner of proviſions requiſite to ſuſtain nature. Within it ſpring ſo many beautiful fountains that it is a real earthly paradiſe. Three valleys running between the mountains unite there; of which one comes from Germany, and the two others from between Fryol and Venice; and by one of theſe three

the town can always be ſuccoured. It was garriſoned by the King of France's people, the lord de Lude being governor, and a gentleman named Herigois captain of the caſtle.

It was not without reaſon that the Venetians were anxious to retake it, for thence they could ſtarve thoſe in Verona, and keep in check any party ſallying from Milan to its relief. But they could not ſucceed without having an underſtanding with ſome great perſon in the town; and although the inhabitants were true to St. Mark, no one dared encounter the riſk, becauſe the late lord de Conty and the good Knight had before beheaded one of the greateſt note and family in the place, the Count John Maria de Martinango, who had been chief in a plot to ſurpriſe them; and many of the others were impriſoned in France.

However the devil, the enemy of all human peace, uſed his ſkill to ſow a diſſenſion in the town between the two great houſes of Gambre and Advogadre; the former of which was moſt favoured by the French.

One day a quarrel aroſe between two of the children of the Count de Gambre and the Count Louis Advogadre, in which the ſon of the latter was ſeriouſly wounded. His father, unable to obtain juſt reparation from the French authorities, determined to be revenged; and under pretence of viſiting an eſtate, came to Venice and proffered his ſervices to the Duke and council, by

whom we need not aſk if they were joyfully accepted. He was fêted for three or four days like a king, and was promiſed that maſter Andrea Gritti ſhould appear before the town with ſeven or eight thouſand men-of-war, beſides the peaſants who would come down from the mountains; and meanwhile he was to gain over the townſpeople and make his preparations.

Five or ſix days afterwards the Venetians arrived one morning at daybreak at one of the gates, which they found well ſupplied with men to defend it, for the lord de Lude kept good watch. The alarm was ſounded; but whilſt they were keeping the French in play at the gate, a party of the enemy broke certain iron gratings through which paſſed the drainage of the town, and entered crying, *St. Mark! St. Mark!* whereupon Advogadre and all who were of his faction roſe, and the whole town was in arms. When the poor lord de Lude ſaw himſelf betrayed, he ſounded the retreat and retired as beſt he could to the caſtle; but he was forced to abandon all his horſes, harneſs and accoutrements. The Counteſs de Gambre, who was a French woman, and all who were of the King of France's party eſcaped thither alſo; and meanwhile maſter Andrea Gritti was admitted into the town. All the French who were found there were cut to pieces without giving quarter to a ſingle one, which was a grievous pity; but they repaid it afterwards, as you ſhall hear.

The firſt thing Advogadre did was to demoliſh the houſes of the Gambre faction. Maſter Andrea Gritti, knowing that it was of little avail to have the town unleſs he had the caſtle alſo, ſent a trumpet to ſummon it; but he loſt his labour, for it was too well garriſoned with gallant chivalry. However proviſions would have failed the garriſon, and the place was ſo furiouſly cannonaded that a large breach was made. Beſides which Andrea Gritti had two engines like cranes made in an incredibly ſhort ſpace of time to approach the wall, each of which carried full a hundred men abreaſt; in ſhort he did all that was poſſible to take the caſtle.

The lord de Lude and captain Herigois deſpatched a meſſenger to the Duke de Nemours to tell him of their miſhap, and moreover that if they were not relieved within eight days, they were loſt. Though all the paſſes were guarded, the meſſenger contrived to eſcape, and made ſuch good ſpeed, that he arrived at Bologna the very day that the gentle Duke had raiſed the ſiege and relieved the town with men and proviſions. The good Prince was much diſconcerted at hearing the danger of Breſcia; for next to the caſtle of Milan, it was the moſt important place the French had in Italy. He aſſembled all his captains, and it was concluded to ſet out forthwith to the relief of the caſtle.

Advancing by forced marches the French encoun-

tered and defeated a Venetian captain who had been ſent to intercept them, and ſucceeded in entering the caſtle of Breſcia; and the Duke without delay called together the captains to determine what was to be done.

The town was defended by about eight thouſand regular troops and twelve or fourteen thouſand peaſants; whilſt the French did not amount to more than twelve thouſand fighting men; for a conſiderable part of their force remained at Bologna. However thoſe who compoſed this ſmall number were undeniably the very flower of chivalry, and ready to give their lives for the King their maſter and the gentle Duke de Nemours.

It was reſolved to make the aſſault the next morning between eight and nine. And the orders were that the onſet ſhould be made by the lord de Molart and his infantry, preceded by captain Herigois and his ſkirmiſhers; that after him ſhould march in one body the captain Jacob, who had been in the Prince of Anhalt's band in the Emperor's ſervice before Padua, with his two thouſand lanſquenets; the captains Bonnet, Maugiron, the baſtard de Cleves and others, to the number of ſeven thouſand men; that they ſhould be ſupported by the Duke de Nemours and the gentlemen commanded by the grand ſeneſchal of Normandy, with the greater part of the men-at-arms diſmounted in helmet and cuiraſs; and that my lord d'Alegre with three hundred mounted men-at-arms ſhould be at the Saint

John's gate, which was the only one the enemy had not walled up, to prevent any ſally being made. The good lord de La Paliſſe was not at the aſſault, having been wounded the preceding evening by a cannon ſhot fired from the town againſt the caſtle.

The good Knight ſuggeſted that as the enemy would certainly oppoſe the firſt aſſault with their beſt men and their hacquebuteers, and that in ſuch caſes there ſhould if poſſible be no giving ground, a hundred and fifty men-at-arms ſhould be ordered to ſupport the lord de Molart, as they would be better able to ſuſtain the ſhock than infantry who were not ſo well armed. "You ſay right, my lord de Bayard," ſaid the Duke, "but who is the captain who will ex-"poſe himſelf to their hacquebutes?"[1] "I will, if it "pleaſe you," replied he; "and believe me the com-"pany I command will to day do good ſervice to the "King and yourſelf." When he had ſpoken, the captains all looked at one another; for without queſtion the ſervice was a dangerous one. However he aſked for the duty, and it was aſſigned him.

A trumpet was now ſent to ſummon the enemy to ſurrender the town, in which caſe their lives would be ſpared; but if not, and it were ſtormed, they were all aſſured of death. Alas! the poor inhabitants would gladly have complied; but maſter Andrea Gritti and his captains returned for anſwer that the town belonged

to the Signory, and they would take care that no Frenchman ever ſet foot in it. When the anſwer was reported to the Duke, he ſaid; "Now, gentlemen, we "have only to do our duty, and ſhew ourſelves gentle "companions; let us march in the name of God and "Saint Denis." He had ſcarcely uttered theſe words, when drums, trumpets and clarions ſounded the attack ſo impetuouſly that the cowards' hair ſtood on end, and the brave felt their hearts ſwell within their boſoms.

The enemy, hearing this noiſe, fired ſeveral cannon ſhot; and one of the balls came right into the middle of the Duke's troop without killing or wounding any one, which, conſidering their cloſe order, was almoſt miraculous. The lord de Molart and the captain Herigois with their men then advanced, and cloſe in their rear the good Knight and all his company, who were picked men, moſt of them having been captains, but who preferred ſerving in his company; ſo much was he beloved. One thing was in their favour; that there was no ditch of any conſequence to impede them; though a good rampart had been thrown up, from behind which the enemy upon their approach poured their balls and bullets as thick as flies. It had rained a little, ſo that the deſcent from the caſtle to the town was ſlippery; whereupon the Duke, who would not be laſt, took off his ſhoes and marched in his ſocks, and many followed his example.

The good Knight and the lord de Molart fought furiouſly at this rampart, and it was marvellous well defended. The French ſhouted, *France! France!* thoſe of the good Knight's company, *Bayard! Bayard!* and the enemy, *St. Mark! St. Mark!* and ſuch was the noiſe that the hacquebutes could not be heard. Maſter Andrea Gritti exclaimed, "I think Bayards "grow in France like muſhrooms; the cry in every "battle is *Bayard!*" However he gallantly cheered on his men, ſaying "Stand firm, my friends; the French "will ſoon be tired; they are only good at the firſt "onſet, and if this Bayard were once repulſed the "others would never come on." But he was much miſtaken. The French were as earneſtly bent on entering as he on preventing them, and made ſo vigorous an attack that the Venetians gave ground a little; which the good Knight perceiving, cried, "On! on! "companions, they are ours; forward! they are bro-"ken." He was the firſt to paſs the rampart and was followed by about a thouſand men, ſo that they gained the firſt fort; but not without a ſevere ſtruggle, and loſs on both ſides, though that of the French was not great.

The good Knight, however, received a wound in the upper part of the thigh from a pike, which entered ſo deep that it broke, and the iron head and part of the ſtaff remained in the wound. He thought from

the pain he felt that he was mortally wounded, and called to the lord de Molart, "Comrade, lead on your "men, the town is gained; for me, I can go no fur- "ther, for I am a dead man." The blood flowed from him copiouſly, and that he might not die without confeſſion, he was forced to be carried out of the preſs by two of his archers, who ſtanched his wound as beſt they could with their ſhirts, which they tore up for the purpoſe.

The lord de Molart, who regretted bitterly the loſs of his friend and countryman, (for they were both of the ſcarlet of gentility,) like a furious lion, bent on vengeance, preſſed the enemy heavily, ſupported by the good Duke de Nemours and his band, who had heard in paſſing that the good Knight had gained the firſt fort and was mortally wounded, at which the Duke was as much grieved as if he had received the blow himſelf. The Venetians were forced to evacuate the citadel, and attempted to retire into the town and raiſe the drawbridge; but they were ſo hotly purſued that both parties entered pele mele into the great ſquare, where was drawn up in order of battle the whole Venetian force of heavy and light horſe and infantry.

Here the lanſquenets and French adventurers ſhewed themſelves gallant companions. The combat raged for half an hour or more; the townſmen and women

throwing down from the windows great blocks of ſtone and boiling water upon the French, and doing them more injury than the fighting men. At length the Venetians were defeated, and in that large ſquare there ſlept, never to wake again, ſeven or eight thouſand of them. The reſt ſought to eſcape from ſtreet to ſtreet, but were met and ſlaughtered like ſwine. Maſter Andrea Gritti and other captains were on horſeback, and riding ſtraight for the Saint John's gate, had the drawbridge lowered and attempted a ſally, crying, *Saint Mark! Italy!* but it was a feeble ſhout of voices faint with fear. No ſooner was the bridge lowered than the lord d'Alegre, like a watchful leader, ruſhed over it with his men-at-arms, and ſhouting *France! France!* charged the Venetians, moſt of whom were borne to earth. Maſter Andrea Gritti was taken priſoner, and not one eſcaped being either taken or killed. It was one of the moſt dreadful aſſaults ever ſeen, for there fell of the ſoldiers of the Signory and the townſpeople, above twenty thouſand, whilſt the French had the good fortune to loſe but fifty men. When they were weary of ſlaughter they fell to plundering and demoliſhing, and not even the monaſteries eſcaped. The booty was eſtimated at three millions of crowns. It is certain that the taking of Breſcia was the ruin of the French in Italy; for they got ſo much plunder that the greater part of them returned to

France and quitted the war; and theſe would have done good ſervice on the day of Ravenna, of which you will hear by and by.

But we muſt inquire what became of the good Knight after he had been ſo ſeverely wounded. When they ſaw the citadel gained, his two archers unhinged the firſt door they found, and carried him on it as gently as they could to the moſt reſpectable looking houſe they ſaw near. It was the abode of a very rich gentleman, who had fled for refuge to a monaſtery; but his wife remained with no other protection than our Lord's, with two lovely daughters, who were concealed in a loft under ſome hay. When the archers knocked at the door, ſhe opened it, reſolved to truſt in God's mercy, and ſaw the good Knight brought in wounded. He made them ſhut the door, and placed his two archers at it, charging them on their lives to ſuffer none to enter but his own people, and promiſing that they ſhould loſe nothing by not joining in the pillage.

The lady of the houſe conducted him into a handſome chamber, and throwing herſelf on her knees before him, beſought him to ſave the honour and the lives of herſelf and her two young girls, who were juſt of marriageable years. The good Knight, who never entertained a wicked thought, replied, "Ma-" dam, I know not whether I ſhall recover from my

" wound; but whilſt I live, no inſult ſhall be offered " to you or your daughters; only keep them out of " ſight. And I aſſure you that you have here a gen- " tleman who will not plunder you, but ſhew you any " courteſy in his power." He then prayed her to ſend for a ſurgeon quickly, to dreſs his wound. She went herſelf with one of the archers to ſeek him, for he lived but two doors off. When he came he examined the wound, which was deep and wide; and having extracted the iron, which was a moſt painful operation, he aſſured the good Knight that it was not dangerous. At the ſecond dreſſing came the ſurgeon of the Duke de Nemours, who afterwards attended him, and treated him ſo ſkilfully that in leſs than a month he was ready to mount on horſeback.

After the glorious taking of Breſcia and when the fury of the ſtorming was paſt, the victorious Duke de Nemours, who was the god Mars himſelf, took up his quarters there. He firſt cleared the monaſteries and churches of the ſoldiers, and then made the ladies return to their houſes with ſuch of their huſbands as were no longer priſoners, and by degrees reaſſured them. They were three whole days occupied in removing the dead, for fear of infection, and found upwards of two and twenty thouſand of them.

During the week the gentle Duke was at Breſcia he viſited the good Knight at leaſt once a day, and

often deſired him to make haſte and recover, for that they would have to fight the Spaniards within a month, and he would give all he was worth rather than he ſhould not be there; ſuch confidence had he in him. The good Knight anſwered, "My lord, if there is to "be a battle, as well for the ſervice of the King my "maſter as for love of you, and for my own ho- "nor, I would be carried thither in a litter rather than "not be preſent." The Duke made him many preſents, and one day ſent him five hundred crowns, which he gave to the two archers who had remained with him when he was wounded. He alſo had ſearch made for the lady's huſband, who was found and reſtored to his wife and daughters, to their great mutual joy.

CHAPTER XX.

How the good Knight left Breſcia to follow the Duke de Nemours and the French army; and of the great courteſy he ſhewed his hoſteſs at parting; and how the French were repulſed in repeated aſſaults on Ravenna on Good Friday.

WHEN Louis the twelfth heard of the capture of Breſcia, you may ſuppoſe he was right well pleaſed. At the ſame time, knowing that as long as the Spaniards were ſtrutting over Lombardy he would never be ſecure in Milan, he wrote preſſing letters to the noble Duke his nephew urging him to carry the war out of Lombardy. The Duke therefore, leaving the good Knight in Breſcia, led his army by forced marches to Bologna, where the Duke of Ferrara joined his camp, and was aſſociated with the lord de La Paliſſe in command of the vanguard. Thence he marched to a place called Caſtello

Santo Pedro, about fifteen miles from Bologna, where he found the army of the King of Spain and the Pope. It was one of the fineſt and beſt appointed armies for its numbers that had ever been ſeen. Don Raymond de Cardonna, Viceroy of Naples, commanded it, and had with him ſome fourteen hundred men-at-arms. They were covered with gold and azure and were ſplendidly mounted on Spaniſh horſes, of which eight hundred were barbed. There were only twelve thouſand foot; namely, two thouſand Italians under captain Ramaſſot, and ten thouſand Spaniards, Biſcayans and Navarreſe, under Count Pedro Navarro, who was captain general of the infantry, and had formerly led his men into Barbary and gained two or three battles over the Moors. In ſhort, they were all trained to war, and moſt expert in the uſe of their weapons.

As the Duke approached them they retired; always taking care to occupy a ſtrong poſition on the hills, whilſt the French were encamped on the plain; and on the day of Ravenna he was obliged to attack them in their poſition, as you ſhall hear. But we muſt firſt relate how the good Knight left Breſcia to join the Duke de Nemours.

He had been confined to his bed upwards of a month, which chagrined him much, for every day news arrived from the French camp how they were approaching the Spaniards and expecting a battle from

day to day. One morning he got up and walked about the room to ſee if he could ſupport himſelf, and though he felt himſelf ſomewhat weak, he ſent for the ſurgeon and aſked him if there would be any danger in his travelling, for he felt himſelf nearly well, and thought the fret of remaining there would do him more harm than good. The ſurgeon, who knew how impatient he was to be at the battle, told him that though the wound was not cloſed, it was healed within; and if his barber would every morning and night apply a bandage with a plaiſter he would give him, there would be no danger, as the wound would not touch his ſaddle. The good Knight was overjoyed, and ordered his ſervants to have everything ready for ſtarting in two days.

The lady of the houſe, who always deemed herſelf together with her huſband and daughters, his priſoners, and that all her moveables were his, (for that had been the practice of the French in other houſes, as ſhe well knew,) conſidered that if he were diſpoſed to treat them with rigour, he might mulct them in ten or twelve thouſand crowns. She therefore determined to make him ſome handſome preſent, perſuaded, from her knowledge of his character and gentle heart, that he would be graciouſly content therewith.

The morning of the day of his departure ſhe entered his room with one of her ſervants carrying a ſmall

ſteel caſket, and found him repoſing in a chair after having walked a good deal to exerciſe his leg. She threw herſelf on her knees, but he immediately raiſed her, and would not ſuffer her to ſpeak a word till ſhe was ſeated by him; and then ſhe commenced thus; "My lord, God has been gracious to me in ſending "you to this houſe at the taking of the town, to pre- "ſerve the lives of my huſband, myſelf and my two "daughters, together with their honour which they "hold more dear. And moreover, from none of "your people have I experienced the ſlighteſt inſult, "but on the contrary all courteſy. I know well that "all of us in this houſe are your priſoners, to diſpoſe "of at your good pleaſure, together with our goods; "but knowing the nobleneſs of your heart, I am come "to ſupplicate you moſt humbly to have pity on us, "and treat us with your accuſtomed liberality. Here "is a little preſent we hope you will be pleaſed to "accept." She then took the box from the ſervant and opened it before the good Knight, who ſaw it was full of ſhining ducats. He, who never in his life cared for money, began to laugh, and aſked her how many there were in the box. The poor woman, fearing he was angry at ſeeing ſo little, ſaid, "My lord, "there are but two thouſand five hundred ducats; but if "you are not content we will find more." "By my "faith, Madam," replied he, "were you to give me

" a hundred thouſand crowns, you would not confer " on me what I ſhould prize ſo much as the good " cheer I have enjoyed here and the attentions you " have ſhewn me; and I aſſure you that wherever I " may be, you will have, whilſt God ſpares my life, " a gentleman at your command. For your ducats, " I thank you, but will none of them. I pray you " keep them; and do not ſuppoſe you ſend me away " one whit leſs ſatisfied with you, than if this town " had been at your diſpoſal, and you had given it " me."

The good lady was much aſtoniſhed to find herſelf refuſed. She again knelt, but the good Knight would not ſuffer it; and when he had raiſed her up ſhe ſaid; " My lord, I ſhall think myſelf the moſt unhappy " woman in the world if you do not receive my little " preſent, which is a very inadequate acknowledgment " of the courteſy which of your great goodneſs you " have ſhewn, and are now ſhewing me." When he ſaw her ſo reſolute, he ſaid; " Well Madam, I accept it " for love of you; but ſeek me your two daughters, " for I muſt bid them adieu." The poor woman, who deemed herſelf in paradiſe at her preſent being accepted, went to find her daughters. They were handſome, good and well educated, and had much beguiled the tedioufneſs of the good Knight's illneſs, as they could ſing well, play the lute and ſpinette, and work cleverly

with the needle. They were brought before the good Knight, who while they had been arranging their dreſs, had divided the ducats into three parts; in two a thouſand each; and in the third, five hundred. When they arrived they fell on their knees, but he forthwith raiſed them, and the eldeſt ſaid, "My lord, we two "poor maidens, whom you have honoured by protect- "ing us from all injury, are come to take leave of "you, humbly thanking you for the favour you have "ſhewn us, for which, having nothing elſe in our "power, we ſhall never ceaſe to pray God for you."

The good Knight, almoſt moved to tears at ſeeing ſo much ſweetneſs and humility in theſe two lovely girls, replied; "Young ladies, you are doing what I "ought to do; which is to thank you for your good "company, for which I am much bounden to you. "You know that ſoldiers do not carry about handſome "preſents for ladies, and it grieves me much not to be "ſo provided. Your lady mother here has given me "two thouſand five hundred ducats which you ſee on "this table. I preſent each of you with a thouſand "as a wedding preſent; and in return I only aſk you "to be pleaſed to pray God for me." He put the ducats in their aprons whether they would or no; and then addreſſing his hoſteſs he ſaid; "Madam, I will "take theſe five hundred ducats for myſelf, to appor- "tion them amongſt the poor religious houſes which

" have been pillaged; and requeſt you to undertake " the charge, as you will beſt know where the need is " greateſt. And ſo I take my leave of you."

He then took their hands in the Italian faſhion, and they wept as if they were being led to execution. The lady ſaid; " Incomparable flower of chivalry, may our " bleſſed Saviour and Redeemer Jeſus Chriſt, who ſuf- " fered death and paſſion for all ſinners, reward you " in this world and in the next." They then retired to their rooms; and the good Knight ſent for his ſteward and deſired him to have all ready for getting on horſeback at noon.

The maſter of the houſe, who had heard from his wife of the great courteſy of his hoſt, came and kneeling gave him a profuſion of thanks, placing his perſon and goods entirely at his diſpoſal. The good Knight made him dine with him; and dinner was no ſooner deſpatched than he called for his horſes; for he was impatient to join his comrades, being very apprehenſive that the battle would take place before his arrival.

As he came out of his room the two fair daughters of the houſe deſcended, and each preſented him with a keepſake which ſhe had worked for him during his ſickneſs. The one conſiſted of two pretty little bracelets of hair beautifully worked with gold and ſilver thread; the other was a purſe of crimſon ſatin curiouſly embroidered. He thanked them much, and ſaid

he would not take two thouſand crowns for theſe preſents coming from ſuch fair hands; and faſtening the bracelets on his arms and placing the purſe in his ſleeve, he aſſured them that whilſt they laſted, he would wear them for their love. So ſaying he mounted his horſe, and was accompanied for two or three miles by his great friend and companion the lord d'Aubigny, whom the Duke de Nemours had left to guard the town, and by many other gentlemen. They then took leave of each other; the one party to return to Breſcia and the other to proceed to the French camp, where the good Knight arrived on the Wedneſday evening of Holy week, being the ſeventh of April. We need not aſk if he was well received by the lord de Nemours and all the commanders; and the men-at-arms and adventurers diſplayed ſuch joy, that it ſeemed as if his coming had re-inforced the army by ten thouſand men. The camp was that evening before Ravenna, and the enemy at ſix miles diſtance; but the next day which was Holy Thurſday, they approached within two miles.

On his arrival before Ravenna the gentle Duke de Nemours aſſembled all his captains to know what was to be done; for the French camp was beginning to ſuffer from want of proviſions, which they obtained with great difficulty. There was already a failure of bread and wine, for the Venetians had cut off their ſupplies on

one ſide, and the army of the Spaniards held the whole coaſt of Romagna; ſo that the adventurers were forced to ſubſiſt on fleſh and cheeſe. There was another great trouble, of which neither the Duke de Nemours nor any of the captains were aware. It was that the Emperor had ſent word to the captains of the lanſquenets that on their lives they ſhould retire at ſight of his letter, and ſhould by no means fight the Spaniards. This letter had fallen into the hands of the captain Jacob, who had been occaſionally to viſit the King of France ſince he had been in his ſervice, when ſome preſent had been made him, ſo that his heart was altogether French; and beſides, this Duke de Nemours had ſo won men's hearts, that all who were with him would have died at his requeſt.

Amongſt all the French captains there was none whom the captain Jacob loved as he did the good Knight; and this love commenced from the Emperor's firſt expedition to Padua in the year 1509. When he had ſeen the letter and knew of the good Knight's arrival, he went to ſee him at his quarters, with his interpreter only, for all he knew of French was, *bonjour monſeigneur*. They made one another good cheer; and the captain Jacob informed the good Knight of the Emperor's orders, and that he had the letters ſtill about him, which no one elſe had ſeen; for he knew well that if the lanſquenets were appriſed of it, the

greater part would not fight; but that for himſelf, he had given his oath to the King of France and received his pay; and were he to die a hundred thouſand deaths, he would never be guilty of ſuch baſeneſs as not to fight; but that they muſt make haſte; for it was impoſſible but that the Emperor would ſoon ſend other letters which might come to the knowledge of his comrades, and thus the French might receive great damage, for the ſaid lanſquenets were a third part of their force, there being about five thouſand of them."

The good Knight who well knew the gentle heart of the captain Jacob, lauded him marvellouſly, and propoſed they ſhould both go to the Duke's quarters who had ſummoned all the captains to council, and declare the matter to him apart.

The council ſat long, and after many conflicting opinions had been delivered, the Duke de Nemours, who had already ſpoken with the good Knight and the captain Jacob, and knew that they needs muſt fight, aſked the former's opinion; who ſaid; "My "lord, you know that I arrived but yeſterday; I know "nothing of the condition of our enemies; my lords "my companions have ſeen and ſkirmiſhed with them "daily, and know them better than I. I have heard "ſome of them approve and others diſapprove the "battle; but ſince you are pleaſed to aſk my opinion, "ſaving the reſpect due to yourſelf and my lords here

" preſent, I will give it. That all battles are attended " with riſk is true, and true alſo that we ſhould con- " ſider well before coming to that point; but, looking " at the preſent poſitions of our enemies and ourſelves, " it ſeems to me difficult for us to avoid a battle; be- " cauſe you have already made your approaches before " this town of Ravenna, which to-morrow you will " cannonade and, the breach made, aſſault it. You " are already apprized that the lord Mark Anthony " Colonna, who has been in it theſe eight or ten days, " entered on the promiſe and ſworn faith of Don " Raymond de Cardonna, Viceroy of Naples, chief of " the enemy's army, of his uncle the lord Fabrizio " Colonna, and of the Count Pedro Novarra, that if " he could hold out till to morrow or at lateſt till " Eaſter-day they would relieve him. They are " already on the outſkirts of our army. On the " other hand the longer you remain, the worſe plight " we ſhall be in; for our men have no proviſions, and " our horſes are fed on the buds the willows are now " putting forth; and beſides, you have the King our " maſter daily writing to you to give battle, for that " in your hands reſts not only the ſafety of his duchy " of Milan, but alſo his whole ſtate of France, ſeeing " the enemies he now has. Wherefore my advice is " to fight, and that warily, for we have to do with " good and cautious warriors. That it is not without

" danger I admit, but one thing comforts me; the " Spaniards have been for a year in this Romagna fed " like fiſh in a ſtew, and are fat and replete; our " men have endured, and do ſtill, great ſcarcity of " food; wherefore they will have the longer wind, " and we need nothing elſe, for the field will be theirs " who ſhall fight longeſt." All laughed at this ſpeech, for he had ſuch a happy way of ſaying what he wiſhed, that every one took pleaſure in hearing him. The lords de Lautrec, de La Paliſſe, the grand ſeneſchal of Normandy, and moſt of the captains agreed in opinion with the good Knight, and it was reſolved to give battle to the enemy.

Accordingly the next day the town of Ravenna was ſharply cannonaded ſo that the cannon were plainly heard in the enemy's camp, and they determined to redeem their promiſe of ſuccouring it before Eaſter-day had paſſed. During the cannonade two gallant French captains were wounded by hacquebute ſhots, the lord d'Eſpy maſter of the artillery in the arm, and the lord de Chatillon, Jacques de Coligny, provoſt of Paris in the thigh; of which wounds they afterwards died at Ferrara. When the breach was pronounced practicable the ſtorming party advanced; but though they made five or ſix attacks in ſucceſſion, they were repulſed by the beſieged commanded by Mark Anthony Colonna in perſon, and were at length compelled to

retreat. And moſt providential it was, for had they taken the town they would never have collected together the adventurers; and that would have occaſioned the loſs of the ſubſequent battle.

The next morning early the good Knight ſet out with a party to give the Spaniards an alarm in their camp; but the baron de Bearn had been beforehand with him, and had rouſed nearly their whole army who were chaſing him in his retreat; and he would have been roughly handled had not the good Knight arrived moſt opportunely to his aſſiſtance, and compelled the Spaniards to make the beſt of their way back to the camp. He conducted this ſkirmiſh ſo boldly and ſo warily that the good Duke de Nemours ſaid to him, "It is you and ſuch as you, my lord de Bayard, who "ſhould go on ſkirmiſhing parties; for you manage "both attack and retreat diſcreetly;" and all who were there declared they never ſaw a man perform ſuch feats of arms, nor who better underſtood the art of war.

The next day there was a much more ſevere and fatal conflict, and of which both French and Spaniards will ever curſe the day.

CHAPTER XXI.

Of the cruel and furious battle of Ravenna, and the death of the gentle Duke de Nemours.

UPON the return of the good Knight from this hot ſkirmiſh, all the captains both of horſe and foot were aſſembled after dinner at the quarters of the good Duke de Nemours, the nonpareil of all the brave who have exiſted theſe two thouſand years; for one will not read in chronicle or hiſtory of emperor, king, prince or lord who in ſo ſhort a time has performed ſuch ſplendid actions as he. But cruel death carried him off at the age of four and twenty, which was an irreparable damage to all nobility.

It being reſolved that the next day, which was Eaſter-day, they would go ſeek their enemies, they prepared a bridge of boats over a ſmall canal which ſeparated the two armies, in order to paſs over the artillery and infantry, which laſt amounted to ten or

twelve thouſand men; for the cavalry could eaſily ford it; and they then arranged their plan for the engagement.

As ſoon as it was morning the lanſquenets commenced the paſſage of the bridge; which the lord de Molart ſeeing exclaimed to his adventurers; "How! "comrades, ſhall it be ſaid to our reproach that the "lanſquenets croſſed to the attack before us? For "myſelf, I would rather have loſt an eye." So ſaying, as the lanſquenets occupied the bridge, he plunged with his men all ſhod and accoutred as he was, into the water, which reached to their waiſts; and ſo well did they beſtir themſelves that they croſſed before the lanſquenets. The artillery was then paſſed over and placed in front of the infantry, who immediately formed in order of battle; afterwards the vanguard of the cavalry, and then the battle paſſed over.

I muſt mention an incident that occurred while this was going on. The gentle Duke de Nemours left his quarters juſt at ſun-riſe armed at all points except his helmet. He had on a very gorgeous but heavy ſurcoat embroidered with the arms of Navarre and Foix. On coming out from his tent, he obſerved to the company about him how red the ſun was. A gentleman with whom he was very familiar, named Haubourdin, replied; "Do you know, my lord, what that portends? "there will die to day ſome prince or great comman-

" der; it muſt be either you or the Viceroy of Naples." The Duke laughed at this, for he took in jeſt all Haubourdin's words, and went to the bridge to ſee his army paſſing. There he encountered the good Knight, who propoſed to him to ride a little along the canal till all had croſſed over. They had not gone far when the Duke obſerved, " My lord de Bayard, we make an ex- " cellent mark here; if there were hacquebuteers con- " cealed over yonder they might pick us off at their " eaſe." As he ſaid this, they perceived a troop of twenty or thirty Spaniſh gentlemen on horſeback amongſt whom was the captain Pedro de Pas, chief of their cavalry. The good Knight advanced a few paces and ſaluted them ſaying, " Gentlemen, you are " amuſing yourſelves as we are, waiting for the good " game to begin; I pray you not to allow hacquebutes " to be fired from your ſide, and they ſhall fire none " from ours."

The captain Pedro de Pas enquired his name, and when he heard that it was the captain Bayard who had been ſo renowned in the kingdom of Naples, he was overjoyed, and ſaid in his own language; " By my faith, " my lord de Bayard, although I am aſſured we have " gained nothing by your arrival, but on the contrary " I deem your camp ſtrengthened by two thouſand " men, yet I am very glad to ſee you; and would to " God that there were peace between our maſters, that

" we might paſs ſome time together, for all my life I " have loved you for your great proweſs." The good Knight, than whom none was more courteous, returned him his compliments with intereſt.

The captain Pedro de Pas, remarking the reſpect paid to the Duke de Nemours, aſked who that diſtinguiſhed lord was to whom all his people paid ſo much attention. The good Knight replied, " It is our " chief, the Duke de Nemours, nephew of our Prince " and brother of your Queen." He had ſcarcely finiſhed when the captain Pedro de Pas and all who were with him diſmounted, and addreſſing the noble Prince, ſaid, " My lord, ſaving the honour and ſervice of the " King our maſter, we are and will ever remain " your ſervants." The Duke de Nemours, full of courteſy as he was, thanked them, and ſaid, " My " lords, I ſee that it will not be decided this day with- " out great effuſion of blood whether the field is yours " or ours. If your Viceroy will ſettle our differences in " ſingle combat with me, I will endeavour to obtain " the conſent of all my friends and comrades. If I am " conquered, they ſhall return to the duchy of Milan " and leave you in peaceable poſſeſſion of what is be- " yond; but if he is conquered, you ſhall all return to " the kingdom of Naples." This propoſal however was not approved by the Spaniards. " Well then, gen- " tlemen," ſaid the gentle Prince, " adieu; I am going

" to paſs the water, and vow never to repaſs it till the " field is either yours or ours." And ſo he quitted them.

As the Duke returned he ſaw the enemy one maſs of ſteel ranging themſelves in order of battle, and obſerved particularly their vanguard of cavalry, commanded by the lord Fabrizio Colonna. The lord d'Alegre and the good Knight remarked to him, " My " lord, do you ſee that troop of cavalry? By my faith, " two pieces of artillery brought to this point would " do them marvellous damage." The advice was approved, and he himſelf went to order up a cannon and a long culverine. The Spaniards had already commenced firing from their camp, which was very ſtrong; for they had a good ditch before them, behind which all their infantry were lying flat on the ground to avoid the fire of the French artillery. Before them were their own guns, numbering twenty pieces, including cannons and long culverines; and about two hundred hacquebutes with reſts; and between every two hacquebutes there were little wheeled cars with large blades of ſharp ſteel in the form of roncies, to be rolled among the infantry when they attempted to force them. On their flank was their vanguard under the lord Fabrizio Colonna, conſiſting of eight hundred men-at-arms; a little further was their battle, in which were more than four hundred men-at-arms commanded by

the Viceroy Don Raymond de Cardonna; and next him were the Italians, not more than two thouſand in number, under Ramaſſot. As for the men-at-arms, one never heard ſpeak of any better found or better mounted.

As ſoon as the Duke de Nemours had paſſed the river, he ordered the whole army to advance. The Spaniards fired upon the maſs of French infantry and killed two thouſand of them before they came to cloſe quarters, as well as two noted men-at-arms. There alſo fell by one cannon ſhot thoſe two valiant captains the lord de Molart and Philip de Fribourg, which was a great loſs to the French, for they were two diſtinguiſhed and beloved captains, particularly the lord de Molart, every one of whoſe men would have given his life for him. Notwithſtanding the heavy fire of the Spaniards, the French continued to advance; and the two pieces which the lord d'Alegre and the good Knight had brought up, kept a continuous fire upon the lord Fabrizio's troop and did him incredible damage; for he loſt three hundred men-at-arms, of whom thirty three were carried off by one cannon-ſhot. They had been ordered not to quit the fort, but to allow the French to get into confuſion by attacking them there. Finding themſelves, however, ſlaughtered, they knew not how, they exclaimed in their language, "*Coerpo di Dios!* we are deſtroyed from heaven! we

"have to combat ſpirits!" and the lord Fabrizio could no longer reſtrain them from quitting the fort to fight in the open field.

They did not march ſtraight at the French vanguard, but drew aſide to their main battle, where was the brave Duke de Nemours with a ſmall body of men-at-arms. Theſe, delighted at being firſt engaged, lowered their viſors and boldly went ſtraight at their enemies. The Spaniards came on furiouſly with a marvellous cry of *Spain! Spain! St. Iago! at the horſes! at the horſes!* and were as furiouſly received by the French, who ſhouted alſo, *France! France! at the horſes! at the horſes!* for the Spaniards aimed only at killing the horſes, having a proverb, "*Moerto "il cavallo, perdido l'hombre d'armez.*"[1]

Since God created heaven and earth, there had never been ſeen ſo fierce and ſtubborn an encounter as this between the French and Spaniards. It laſted a good half hour, both ſides pauſing to take breath, and then charging with renewed fury, ſhouting impetuouſly, *France!* and *Spain!* But the Spaniards being half as many more than the French, the lord d'Alegre galloped to the vanguard, and deſcrying the band of Robert de la Marche, whoſe device was black and white, he called out to them, "Advance, black and white, and you, archers of the guard!" The Duke of Ferrara and the lord de La Paliſſe, well knowing that

the lord d'Alegre was not come to call them without great need, inſtantly moved forward, and giving the rein to their horſes galloped to the ſuccour of the Duke de Nemours and his band, who, in ſpite of their inferior numbers, were gradually forcing the Spaniards to give ground.

At the arrival of this freſh body there was a marvellous uproar. The archers of the guard had ſmall axes ſuſpended from the arçons of their ſaddles, with which they made their huts. Theſe they called into play, and dealt ſuch ſtout blows on the helmets of the Spaniards as ſtaggered them, and they were at length compelled to abandon the field, on which there fell three or four hundred of their men-at-arms; and ſome Neapolitan princes were taken priſoners. The good Knight, ſeeing the brave Duke de Nemours covered with the blood and brains of one of his men-at-arms who had been killed by a cannon-ſhot, inquired if he were wounded. "No, thank God!" ſaid he, "but I have wounded many." "Then God be praiſed, "my honoured prince, you have gained the battle. "But do not advance; only remain here and collect "your men; keep them from plundering, for it is "not yet time. Captain Louis d'Ars and I will pur-"ſue theſe fugitives that they may not rally behind "their infantry; and do not let any one perſuade you "to ſtir till one of us comes to ſeek you." He pro-

miſed to follow his advice; and well had it been had he done ſo.

Meanwhile two thouſand Gaſcons, under the captain Odet and the cadet de Duras, were ordered to fire a volley into the fort where the Spaniſh infantry were lying on the ground, and a thouſand Picardy pikemen commanded by the lord de Moncaure were brought up to ſupport them in caſe of a ſally. Their fire effectually rouſed the Spaniards who ſtarted up in good order of battle, whilſt two banners of about twelve hundred men ſallying out charged the Gaſcons and put them to the rout, killing the lord de Moncaure, the knight Deſbories, lieutenant of captain Odet, the lieutenant of the cadet de Duras, and many others.

Upon this the Spaniards raiſed a great ſhout as though they had gained the battle; but well knowing the contrary, theſe two banners which had routed the Gaſcons, inſtead of returning to the fort, determined to gain Ravenna, and marched along the cauſeway of the canal three or four abreaſt. The fort meanwhile was furiouſly defended by the Spaniards, under whoſe fire many fell; and amongſt others the gentle captain Jacob. He received a ball through his body, and calling to his comrades in German, "Gentlemen, let "us ſerve the King of France to day as well as he "has treated us," he fell dead. The French at length forced the ditch, but not without terrible ſlaughter;

for the Spaniards fought ſo reſolutely that when they had loſt arms and legs they made uſe of their teeth; but the French cavalry charging them in flank, they were all cut to pieces, except the Count Pedro Navarro and ſome other captains, who were taken priſoners. Many French leaders fell in this aſſault, as the Baron de Grammont, the captain Maugiron, who much diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and the lord de Bardaſſan. The captain Bonnet was ſeverely wounded.

When the two banners had routed the Gaſcons, ſeveral of the latter fled to the place where was the good Duke de Nemours, who advancing towards them inquired what was the matter, and was anſwered that the Spaniards had defeated them. The poor Prince, thinking that it was the great body of his infantry, was in deſpair, and without looking to ſee who followed him, threw himſelf on the cauſeway, by which theſe two banners with about fifteen men-at-arms were retreating. They immediately diſcharged their hacquebutes at the Duke and his little party, and then attacked them with their pikes. The gentle Duke and thoſe who were with him had ſcarcely room to move; for the cauſeway was narrow, with the canal on one ſide and a deep ditch on the other. Moſt of his companions were ſoon puſhed into the canal or fell into the ditch; and his ſtirrup leathers being cut, he diſmounted ſword in hand, and never did Roland at Ronceſvalles

perform ſuch feats as he did there with his couſin the lord de Lautrec; who, ſeeing the great danger he was in, called out to the Spaniards, "Do not ſlay him, he is "our Viceroy and brother to your Queen." There however the poor Duke fell, with fourteen or fifteen wounds between his forehead and his chin; ſhewing that the gentle Prince had never turned his back. In the canal was drowned the ſon of the lord d'Alegre; and the lord de Lautrec and many others were left for dead.

The two banners continued their retreat along the cauſeway, which was more than ten miles long, and when they were about half way, encountered the good Knight returning from the purſuit with about thirty or forty men-at-arms, jaded and wearied beyond meaſure. He was, notwithſtanding, about to charge them when one of their captains advanced and ſaid to him, "Sir, what are you about to do? You "know well you are not ſtrong enough to defeat us, "you have gained the battle and killed all our peo- "ple; let the honour you have got ſuffice, and ſuffer "us to paſs, for by God's will we have eſcaped." The good Knight knew the Spaniard ſpoke truth; nor had he a horſe fit for work. However he demanded their banners, which were given up, and they then opened a paſſage for him, and he let them depart. Alas! he knew not that the good Duke de Nemours was dead, nor that theſe were the men who had ſlain

him, or he would have died ten thouſand deaths but he would have avenged him.

Whilſt the battle was yet raging, Don Raymond de Cardonna, Viceroy of Naples, with about three hundred men-at-arms, and the captain Ramaſſot, with his infantry, abandoned the field. The Viceroy was about to exchange his horſe for a handſome freſh charger, but the good Knight followed him ſo cloſe that he ſeized the horſe he was about to mount, which he afterwards preſented to my lord of Lorraine: and the Viceroy fled precipitately.

The French returned from the purſuit about four in the afternoon, and the fight had commenced about eight in the morning. There have been many battles ſince God created heaven and earth, but there never was, for the numbers engaged, one ſo cruel, ſo furious, or better fought on all ſides, than the battle of Ravenna.

The French camp was filled with lamentations for the death of that virtuous and noble prince the gentle Duke de Nemours, who was the non-pareil in proweſs of his age. It was intended to have made him King of Naples had he lived; but it pleaſed God to take him. I think the nine worthies muſt have made it their requeſt, for had he lived he would have ſurpaſſed them all. The French loſt many valiant captains, with three thouſand infantry, and eighty men-at-arms

of the ordonnance companies of the King of France, with ſeven of his gentlemen and nine archers of his guard; and of the remainder the greater part was wounded. A hundred years will not repair the loſs of the Spaniards, for they loſt twenty captains of infantry, and ten thouſand men, whoſe captain general, Count Pedro Navarra, was taken priſoner. Of their cavalry were killed upwards of thirty captains, and full eight hundred men-at-arms. Amongſt a hundred great lords and captains who were taken priſoners was the Cardinal de Medicis, who was the Pope's legate in their camp. They loſt all their artillery, hacquebutes, and baggage waggons: in ſhort, of twenty thouſand cavalry and infantry, not more than four thouſand eſcaped being killed or made priſoners.

This victory was preſently followed by the capture and pillage of the town of Ravenna; the lord Mark Anthony Colonna retiring into the citadel, which was good and ſtrong.

CHAPTER XXII.

How the French were driven out of Lombardy; and how the good Knight was wounded in the retreat from Pavia, and of his dangerous illneſs, and great courteſy. And of the unfortunate expedition againſt Pampeluna.

ON the death of the Duke de Nemours the French returned to Milan, where his remains were interred with moſt ſplendid obſequies. There were preſent more than ten thouſand perſons in mourning, moſt of them on horſeback; and forty ſtandards taken from the enemy were trailed before the body, which was cloſe followed by his banner and guidon, to indicate that theſe had lowered the pride of the former. And thus he was carried to his grave amid the tears and groans of the ſpectators.

The Pope with his wonted charity ſucceeded in finally detaching the Emperor from the French; and a numerous army of the Venetians, Swiſs, and papal

troops, coming down upon their enfeebled force, obliged them to retire to Pavia, from which place they alſo drove them after a ſhort but fierce ſtruggle, and compelled them to abandon Lombardy with the exception of the caſtles of Milan and Cremona, Lugano, Lucarna, the town and caſtle of Breſcia, and a few other places.

In the retreat from Pavia the good Knight was wounded between the neck and the ſhoulder by a ball which carried away the fleſh and laid bare the bone. Thoſe who ſaw it thought he was killed; but he who was never frightened at any thing, and knew that this was not the time to ſhew fear, though he felt himſelf ſeriouſly wounded, aſſured his companions it was nothing. They ſtanched the wound as beſt they could with moſs from the trees, and bound it with linen which the ſoldiers tore from their ſhirts, for they had no ſurgeon with them, by reaſon of the bad weather.

The French recroſſed the mountains, and went into quarters; and the good Knight betook himſelf to Grenoble to viſit his good uncle the Biſhop, whom he had not ſeen for a long time. Here he was attacked by a violent fever; whether the effect of his great exertions of many years, or of the wound he received at the retreat from Pavia, I know not; ſo that his life was deſpaired of. The poor gentleman, enfeebled by diſeaſe, uttered ſuch piteous complaints, that he muſt have had a hard heart who could have refrained from tears

on hearing them. " Ah! Lord," he exclaimed, " ſince " it was thy good pleaſure to take me from this world " thus early, why didſt thou not ſuffer me to die with " that gentle prince the Duke de Nemours and my " other comrades on the day of Ravenna? or to fall " at the ſtorming of Breſcia where I was ſo ſeverely " wounded? Alas! I ſhould then have met a happier " death, for at leaſt I ſhould have died like my anceſ- " tors on the battle field. Lord, by thy favour I have " eſcaped death ſo often in battles, aſſaults, and ſkir- " miſhes; and now I muſt die like a maiden in my " bed! Yet, though I would fain have it otherwiſe, " thy will be done. I am a great ſinner, but I hope " in thine infinite mercy. Alas! my Creator, I have " greatly offended thee; but had I lived longer, I had " good hope to have amended my evil ways."

Thus did the good Knight expreſs his regret, and then becauſe he was burning from the great fever which poſſeſſed him, he addreſſed himſelf to my lord Saint Anthony, ſaying, " Ah! glorious confeſſor and true " friend of God, Saint Anthony! All my life I have ſo " loved and truſted in thee; and thou leaveſt me to " burn in ſuch extreme heat that I deſire only ſpeedy " death. Alas! and doſt thou not remember that " during the war againſt the Pope, being at Rubera " in one of thy houſes, I preſerved it from being burnt, " which it had been, had I not, in honour of thy holy

"name, taken up my quarters there, though it was "without the fortreſs, and in danger of the enemy, "who night and day might have paid me a viſit with- "out finding anything to prevent them? And yet I "preferred remaining a month in this faſhion to thy "houſe being deſtroyed. At leaſt I beſeech thee to "allay this my great heat and entreat God for me that "he will either ſoon take me from this miſerable world, "or reſtore me to health."

So piteouſly did the good Knight bewail himſelf that all the byſtanders melted into tears, including his good uncle the Biſhop, who was continually in prayer for him. And not he only, but all the nobles, citizens, merchants, monks and nuns were night and day offering up prayers and oriſons for him. And it could not be but that amongſt ſo many people there muſt have been ſome good perſon whoſe prayer the Lord would hear; as was ſufficiently apparent; for by degrees the fever left him; he began to ſleep and recover his appetite, and in a fortnight or three weeks was quite recovered, and as luſty as ever; taking his pleaſure in viſiting his friends and the ladies, and banqueting from houſe to houſe.

The good Knight you muſt underſtand was not a ſaint. Now there dwelt in the town a poor gentlewoman who had a very fair daughter of fifteen years of age. Her poverty was ſo extreme that to procure

ſubſiſtence ſhe prevailed upon her daughter, partly by perſuaſion and partly by compulſion, to ſuffer herſelf to be ſecretly conducted one evening to his lodgings by a varlet of his. Returning late from a banquet in the town the good Knight found her in his apartment. She was lovely as an angel, but her eyes were ſwollen with weeping. Seeing her in this plight, he aſked her what ailed her, and if ſhe knew why ſhe was come there. The poor girl threw herſelf on her knees, and ſaid; "Alas! yes, my lord, my mother has inſiſted on "it, nor would I have done ſo without compulſion; "but my mother and I are ſo poor that we are dying "of hunger; and would to God I were dead, ſo I "might not be of the number of unhappy girls, and "in diſhonour all my life;" And ſo ſaying ſhe wept ſo violently that there was no pacifying her.

When the good Knight perceived her noble courage, he ſaid to her almoſt with tears; "Truly, my friend, "I will not be ſo wicked as to ſeek to alter your vir-"tuous reſolution." And changing vice into virtue, he took her by the hand, wrapped her in a cloak, and making his varlet take a torch, he conducted her to a female relative of his who lived near, under whoſe charge he left her.

The next morning he ſent for the mother, and aſked her if ſhe were not a miſerable wretch to be willing to render her daughter vicious. The poor woman,

aſhamed and afraid, could only anſwer that they were in the extremity of poverty. "Well," ſaid the good Knight, "never do ſo vile a thing as to ſell your "daughter, who is a gentlewoman. You ſhould be "ſeverely puniſhed. Tell me now, has no one ever "aſked her in marriage?"—"Yes indeed," ſaid ſhe, "a neighbour of mine, an honourable man; but he re-"quires ſix hundred florins, and I have not the half "of them." "And if he had them, would he marry "her?" ſaid the good Knight. "Yes, aſſuredly" anſwered ſhe. He then took his purſe and handed her three hundred crowns, ſaying; "Here, my friend, "are two hundred crowns, which are more than equi-"valent to ſix hundred florins of this country, to "marry your daughter withal; and a hundred crowns "for her wedding gear." He then preſented the mother with another hundred crowns for herſelf, and deſired his varlet not to loſe ſight of them till he had ſeen the daughter married; which ſhe was three days after, and kept a very creditable houſe, taking her mother to live with her. I believe you have never read in chronicle or hiſtory a more courteous, liberal and honourable action than this of the good Knight.

He remained ſome time in Dauphiny making great cheer until he was deſpatched by the King his maſter with ſome pieces of heavy artillery to croſs the Pyrenees and reinforce the good lord de La Paliſſe, who

had been ſent to recover the kingdom of Navarre; which the King of Arragon had uſurped from him who had juſt title to it, on no other pretext than that he was in friendſhip with the King of France.

After taking ſome ſmall fortreſſes they laid ſiege to Pampeluna; and whilſt this was in progreſs, the good Knight was detached with a ſtrong force to reduce a caſtle about four leagues off, the garriſon of which gave great annoyance to the French. He ſent forward a trumpet to intimate that they muſt place the caſtle in the hands of their ſovereign the King of Navarre, and that he would then give them quarter and allow them to retire ſafe with their lives; but otherwiſe, ſhould the place be taken by ſtorm, they ſhould all be cut to pieces. The garriſon were men-of-war placed there by the Duke of Nagera and the Alcalde de los Donzelles, lieutenant of the King of Spain; and being all good and loyal ſervants of their maſter they made anſwer that they would not yield the place, and ſtill leſs themſelves. On hearing the report of the trumpet the good Knight without delay planted four pieces of heavy artillery he had with him, and cannonaded the place briſkly. Thoſe within, who were not more than a hundred men, had plenty of hacquebutes on reſts and two falconnets with which they kept up a ſharp fire upon their enemies; but they could not prevent their making in about a quarter of an hour a to-

lerably wide breach, but not very practicable from the ſteepneſs of the aſcent. However in ſuch matters ſomething more than wiſhing is requiſite.

The good Knight ordered the aſſault to be ſounded, and coming to the lanſquenets, exhorted them to march to the breach. Their interpreter, ſpeaking for them, ſaid it was their privilege whenever a place was taken by ſtorm to have double pay; and if they were promiſed it, they would go to the aſſault; otherwiſe not. The good Knight knew nothing of theſe privileges, but to have no longer tarrying, promiſed them that if they took the place they ſhould have what they aſked. He might promiſe as he pleaſed, but the devil a lanſquenet ever mounted the breach. The adventurers went to it gallantly, but were heavily repulſed two or three times; and in truth the defenders ſhewed themſelves good ſoldiers.

The good Knight ſeeing he could not take the place in this faſhion, ſounded the retreat, and cauſing ten or twelve more rounds of artillery to be fired as though he would widen the breach, he meanwhile deſired a gentle companion, named little John de La Vergne, to take two or three ladders and ſome forty or fifty men, and endeavour, when he himſelf renewed the aſſault, to ſcale a large tower at one corner of the caſtle, aſſuring him he would find no one to defend it.

The aſſault was preſently renewed more fiercely

than before, and the whole garriſon came to defend the breach, not dreaming that the place could be entered any other way. But they were miſtaken; for La Vergne conducted his charge ſo well that he and fifty men were in the place before they were perceived, and crying *France! France! Navarre! Navarre!* ruſhed on the rear of thoſe who were defending the breach, who were much aſtoniſhed at being thus ſurprized. However they defended themſelves well; but their proweſs ſerved them not; for the aſſailants forced their entrance and cut nearly all of them to pieces, and the place was ranſacked and pillaged.

As the good Knight was preparing to return to the camp, two or three captains of the lanſquenets came to him, and by their interpreter required him to keep his promiſe of giving them double pay if the place were taken. This angered him greatly, and he replied in wrath to the interpreter, "Tell your raſcals of lanſ-"quenets that I would ſooner give them each a halter to "hang themſelves. Cowards that they are, they would "not go to the aſſault, and they aſk double pay! I "will ſpeak of it to my lord de La Paliſſe and my "lord of Suffolk their captain general; but it ſhall be "to break them; for they are of no more worth than "the vileſt wenches." When the interpreter told them what he ſaid, they immediately raiſed a marvellous uproar; but the good Knight ſounded to the ſtandard

and aſſembled his men-at-arms and adventurers; ſo that had they made a ſhow of any thing, he was prepared to cut them to pieces. They appeaſed themſelves by degrees, and returned to the camp before Pampeluna in their ranks like the others.

That ſame evening the good Knight gave a ſupper to all the leaders, amongſt whom was the Duke of Suffolk, called the White Roſe,[1] captain general of all the lanſquenets in the camp, of whom there were ſix or ſeven thouſand.

As they were finiſhing ſupper a lanſquenet, who had well drunk, entered, ſaying he was come to ſeek the captain Bayard to kill him, becauſe he would not give them money. He ſpoke a little bad French, and the captain Pierrepont hearing him, ſaid laughing to the good Knight "My lord, here is a lanſquenet ſeeking "for you to kill you." The good Knight, who was the merrieſt creature poſſible, roſe from table with his ſword in his hand, and addreſſing the lanſquenet ſaid; "Is it you who deſire to kill captain Bayard? Here he "is; defend yourſelf." The poor fellow, drunk as he was, was terribly frightened, and replied that it was not he alone but all the lanſquenets who wiſhed to kill the captain Bayard. "Ha! upon my ſoul," ſaid the good Knight, who was burſting with laughter, "I am "off; and have no mind ſingly to fight ſeven thouſand "lanſquenets. An arbitration, comrade, for God's "ſake." All the company laughed heartily. The

ſoldier was ſeated at table oppoſite the good Knight, who plied him ſo well in the faſhion he had commenced in, that before he went away he ſwore to defend the captain Bayard before and againſt all; and that he was a proper man and had good wine.

The next day the artillery commenced battering Pampeluna, and the ſtorming was attempted; but the place was ſo well defended by that gentle Spaniſh knight the Alcalde de los Donzelles that the French were obliged to retreat with heavy loſs. It was an unfortunate expedition; for the French on entering Navarre, deſtroyed and waſted every thing, broke the windmills and did many ſuch like things, which occaſioned ſuch a ſcarcity and famine that much people died; and the army was in ſuch want of ſhoes that a wretched pair for a lacquey coſt a crown. In addition to theſe diſtreſſes, the Spaniards had arrived at Ponte da Reyna near Pampeluna with eight or ten thouſand men; and the King of Navarre was adviſed by the lord de La Paliſſe and all the captains to retire till another ſeaſon. The ſiege was therefore raiſed in open day, and the artillery ſent away; but the mountains over which it was to paſs were too rugged, and after carrying it three days' march by dint of men and money, the French were conſtrained to leave it at the foot of a mountain, having firſt rendered it uſeleſs to the enemy.

The army ſuffered much from want of proviſions in

recroſſing the mountains, and were conſtantly haraſſed by the enemy. One day the Duke of Suffolk, between whom and the good Knight there exiſted a great and perfect friendſhip, was ſo exhauſted with fatigue, having neither eaten nor drunk the whole day, that late in the evening he came to the good Knight and ſaid "Cap-"tain Bayard, my friend, I am dying of hunger; I "pray you give me ſome ſupper to day, for my peo-"ple tell me there is nothing at my quarters." The good Knight who was never out of ſpirits, replied, "Certainly, my lord, and you ſhall be well enter-"tained." Then calling for his ſteward he ſaid, "De "Mylieu, go before and haſten ſupper; and let us have "every thing in the ſame ſtyle as in Paris." At which the Duke laughed for a quarter of an hour; for they had been already two days with nothing to eat but bread made of millet.

However they made as handſome a retreat as ever ſoldiers made; and above all the good Knight acquired great honour, being always in the rear till danger was paſt, for they readily paid him the compliment of always placing him amongſt the firſt in an advance, and amongſt the laſt in a retreat. Right glad were the French to reach Bayonne, where they got a ſufficiency of food and leiſure to eat it; but many of the infantry, who were famiſhed, eat ſo much that they died of it.

In this year died Pope Julius, that pretty friend to

the French; and the cardinal de Medicis was elected in his room by the title of Pope Leo.

There came alſo to the coaſt of Brittany an Engliſh army which did no great things. One day a large Engliſh ſhip called the *Regent*, and a veſſel of the Queen of France, Ducheſs of Brittany, called the *Cordelière* met, and fought. During the combat one of the ſhips was ſet on fire, and finally both were burned. The Engliſh ſuffered great loſs; for on board the ſaid *Regent* were a great number of gentlemen who periſhed without the poſſibility of eſcape.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How the King Henry of England made a deſcent on France and beſieged Terouenne; and of the battle called the Battle of the Spurs, in which the good Knight performed great feats of arms.

EARLY in the year 1513 Henry the eighth King of England, having allied himſelf with the Emperor Maximilian, diſembarked at Calais with a powerful army to invade Picardy; whereupon the King of France ſent his lieutenant general the lord de Pyennes, governor of the province, with a large force to oppoſe him.

The Engliſh loſt no time in laying ſiege to the town of Terouenne, which was ſtrongly fortified, and defended by two bold and gallant gentlemen, the lord de Teligny, ſeneſchal of Rouergue, and the lord de Pontdormy, with their bands, ſome French adventurers, and ſome lanſquenets under the command of captain Brandec. They were all good ſoldiers and capable of holding out if they had had proviſions; but the French ſeldom

victual a place in time or in ſufficient quantities. The beſiegers were commanded by maſter Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, and the captain Talbot, the lieutenants of the King of England; who ſoon after joined them in perſon, having been ſuffered to paſs under the very noſes of the French army by the lord de Pyennes, who had ſtrict orders from his maſter to hazard nothing.

The good Knight however attacked his rear and captured a piece of artillery named the Saint John; being one of twelve which the King Henry had with him and called his twelve apoſtles. The King of England was received with great joy by his army, for he was a jovial and liberal prince; and three or four days after he was joined by the Emperor Maximilian with a number of Hainaulters and Burgundians.

The French were ordered at whatever peril to throw proviſions into Terouenne, which could not be done without great hazard, as it was cloſely inveſted. They determined upon making a feigned attack on the Engliſh camp with all their men-at-arms, whilſt a detachment ſhould throw proviſions into the ditch, whence the garriſon were to draw them into the town. On the appointed day the French captains and their men got to horſe; but the King of England, who had been informed by his ſpies of their intention, had at daybreak poſted on a hill ten or twelve thouſand Engliſh archers and four or five thouſand lanſquenets, with

about ten pieces of artillery, with orders when the French had paſſed to deſcend and cut off their retreat; and he had ordered out all his men-at-arms, Engliſh, Burgundians and Hainaulters, to attack them in front. It muſt be obſerved in juſtice to the French, who have been much blamed in this affair, that they had orders not to riſk a battle, but if they were preſſed, to retreat as expeditiouſly as they could.

The French advanced within a league of Terouenne, when a ſharp and ſevere ſkirmiſh took place, in which they did their devoir well, until they perceived that large body of infantry deſcending from the hill in two diviſions to incloſe them. Upon this their trumpets ſounded the retreat; they retired at firſt at a walk, but being preſſed, betook themſelves to a trot, and finally to a gallop; and the foremoſt of them threw themſelves ſo violently upon the lord de La Paliſſe, who was in order of battle with the Duke de Longueville, that they put all into diſorder. The purſuers, perceiving this, preſſed them ſo hotly that they made all the French turn their backs in ſpite of the attempts of the lord de La Paliſſe and others to rally them, and compelled them to take refuge in their camp where they had left their artillery and infantry. In this rout the Duke de Longueville was taken priſoner, with many others; and the lord de La Paliſſe narrowly eſcaped.

The good Knight retreated reluctantly; and with

ſome fifteen men-at-arms who remained with him frequently turned upon the enemy, till he came to a little bridge where but two horſemen could paſs abreaſt. Here he kept the Burgundians and Hainaulters in check, who finding they could make no impreſſion, ſent to haſten the Engliſh archers; but in the meanwhile more than two hundred of their cavalry, croſſing a ford by the windmill, ſurrounded the good Knight and his party. Seeing this, he ſaid to his comrades, "My "lords, let us ſurrender to theſe gentlemen; our "proweſs will avail us no farther, for our horſes are "exhauſted, and they are ten to one; our people are "three leagues off, and if we delay longer, the En-"gliſh archers will come up and cut us to pieces." As he ſaid this the Burgundians and Hainaulters came up, and charged them with cries of *Burgundy! Burgundy!* and the French, having no longer the power of reſiſting, yielded themſelves, one here and another there, to the moſt diſtinguiſhed of their enemies.

Whilſt each was occupied in ſecuring his priſoner, the good Knight perceived a well appointed gentleman ſitting under ſome ſhrubs, ſo exhauſted by the extreme heat and fatigue that he had taken off his helmet and did not care to trouble himſelf about the priſoners. He ſpurred ſtraight to him ſword in hand, and putting the weapon to his throat ſaid, "Yield, man-at-arms, or "thou dieſt." The gentleman was aſtounded, but ſaid,

" Well, I yield me, ſince thou haſt caught me thus; " but who are you?" " I am the captain Bayard and " now yield myſelf to you, and preſent you my ſword, " praying you to take me with you; but one courteſy " you ſhall do me; if we meet any Engliſh by the " way who wiſh to kill us, you ſhall reſtore it me." This the gentleman promiſed to do, and kept his word; for on their way to the camp they were both obliged to uſe their blades againſt ſome Engliſh who, diſregarding ranſom, ſought only to kill the priſoners.

When the good Knight had been entertained by this gentleman in his tent in the Engliſh camp for three or four days, he required to be conducted to the French camp, ſaying he was already tired of being where he was. His captor, not a little ſurprized, obſerved that nothing had yet been ſaid about his ranſom. " My " ranſom!" ſaid the good Knight, " No, nor of yours; " for you are my priſoner as well, having firſt yielded " to me; and if you do not ſend me away, I ſhall " ſome way or other effect my eſcape, and ſhall aſ- " ſuredly call you to account." The gentleman, who was a courteous knight enough, ſaid that he was ready to do what was juſt, and would abide by the deciſion of the commanders.

It was ſoon known in the Engliſh camp that the good Knight was taken priſoner; and to hear them ſpeak of it, you would think they had gained a battle.

The Emperor ſent for him to his quarters, and received him moſt graciouſly, ſaying, "Captain Bayard, "my friend, I am overjoyed to ſee you. Would to "God I had many ſuch men as you; I think it would "not be long before I ſhould take my revenge for all "the good turns the King your maſter, and the "French have done me heretofore." And he added jeſtingly, "We formerly were at the wars together, and "I remember that it was then ſaid that the captain Bay-"ard never fled." "Sire," replied he, "I was never "in that ſchool where I learned to flee. Had I fled, I "ſhould not be here."

During their converſation the King of England arrived, to whom the good Knight was made known, and paid reverence due to ſo great a prince. The King received him graciouſly, and ſpeaking of the battle, ſaid he had never ſeen men run away with ſuch hearty good will and in ſuch numbers as the French, who were only purſued by four or five hundred horſe; and he and the Emperor ſpoke very ſlightingly of their conduct. The good Knight warmly defended them on the ground of the orders they had received from their commanders, and of their having had no infantry or artillery. "Truly, my lord de Bayard," ſaid the King of England, "if all reſembled you, I ſhould ſoon be compelled "to raiſe the ſiege. But be that as it may, you are "fortunately for me a priſoner." "Sire," anſwered the

good Knight, "I do not admit it, and would refer it "to the Emperor and you." And then, in preſence of the gentleman to whom he had yielded, he recounted the whole matter. The Emperor declared it to be his opinion that the two gentlemen were quit with each other, and that the good Knight might depart whenever it pleaſed the King of England; who accorded with him, and ſaid, that if he would give his parole not to bear arms for ſix weeks, he might afterwards return; and in the meantime might viſit the towns of Flanders. The good Knight thanked them for their courteſies, and went to ſpend the appointed time in that country; during which the King of England tried every means to gain him over, but in vain; for his heart was altogether French; and when his term was expired he returned to France amid the regrets of all with whom he had ſpent the period of his captivity.

A few days after the battle of the Spurs, Terouenne ſurrendered for want of proviſions; and was demoliſhed by the Engliſh, who ſoon after took Tournay alſo, which the King of England ſtrongly fortified. The winter being now far advanced, the camp was broken up, the King of England returning to his kingdom, and the Emperor to Germany. The French alſo broke up their camp and went into winter quarters in the frontier garriſons of Picardy.

In this year of 1513 great reverſes befell Louis the

twelfth as well as his allies; amongſt whom was James the fourth of Scotland, who, attempting to invade England, was defeated and ſlain at the battle of Flodden. However, the King of France was ſo beloved by his ſubjects that at their requeſt God aided him; and although the greater part of the princes of Europe and even all his neighbours had ſworn his ruin, he defended his realm well. From Picardy he returned by eaſy marches to his town of Blois, of which he was very fond becauſe it was his birthplace; but he had ſcarcely arrived there when a great and irreparable misfortune befell him, as you ſhall hear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Of the death of the magnanimous and virtuous princeſs Anne, queen of France and ducheſs of Brittany. Of the marriage of King Louis the twelfth with Mary of England, and of his death. Of the battle of Francis King of France with the Swiſs; and how he would be knighted at the hands of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

IN the following January the King's good companion and ſpouſe Anne, Queen of France and Ducheſs of Brittany, fell grievouſly ſick, and notwithſtanding all the ſkill of her phyſicians, in leſs than a week ſhe rendered her ſoul to God. The nobility of France and Brittany experienced an incalculable loſs; for a more magnanimous, virtuous, wiſe, liberal and accompliſhed princeſs never wore the crown of France ſince there was ſuch a title as queen. She left her huſband two good and lovely princeſſes, Claude and Renée, the latter about three years old.

In the month of October in the ſame year the King, in order to ſpare his people the continued miſeries of war, reluctantly eſpouſed the lady Mary, ſiſter of the King of England; and his fate reſembled that of the pelican. For after that the queen Mary had made her entry into Paris, which was in great ſtate, and that many jouſts and tournays, which laſted ſix weeks, were over; the good King, who for his wife's ſake had changed his whole manner of living, (for whereas he was wont to dine at eight o'clock, he was obliged to dine at midday; and whereas he was wont to go to bed at ſix in the evening, he now often did not retire till midnight,) fell ſick; and dying the following January was buried at Saint Denis with his anceſtors. He was lamented by all his ſubjects, and not without good reaſon; for he had maintained them in peace, and ruled them with juſtice; ſo that after his death and all his praiſes ſaid, he was deſervedly called the Father of the People. He was ſucceeded by Francis, firſt of that name, who was juſt twenty, the handſomeſt prince of his day and but lately married to the lady Claude of France, eldeſt daughter of the late King, and Ducheſs of Brittany.

Soon after his coronation Francis made preparations for reconquering his duchy of Milan, and moved his army towards the Lyonneſe and Dauphiny. The good Knight, as was always the caſe on an advance, was ſent

forward with a detachment, and rendered the King good ſervice by ſurpriſing the lord Proſper Colonna in the town of Villafranca, and making him and ſeveral captains priſoners, capturing an immenſe booty in money, horſes, gold and ſilver veſſels and other moveables, which the lord Proſper himſelf declared was a loſs to him of fifty thouſand crowns. The King of France received theſe good news as he deſcended the mountains; and it is certain that this capture did the French great ſervice; for had not the lord Proſper been taken he would have been at the ſubſequent battle, and by his means the Spaniards and the remainder of the Pope's army would have been there too, muſtering together a thouſand men-at-arms; which would have given the French ſuch troubleſome work as they could well diſpenſe with.

The Swiſs, who had poſſeſſed themſelves of the paſſes, when they heard of the capture of the lord Proſper abandoned them, and as the French advanced, retreated to Milan. When the French had approached within fifteen miles of that city, propoſals were made to arrange their differences in conference; but whilſt this was pending the Cardinal of Syon, who had all his life been the mortal enemy of the French, ſo ſtirred up the Swiſs by his preaching one Thurſday evening, that they ſallied from Milan like mad people, and made a ſudden irruption on the French camp at Marignano.

The conſtable, the Duke de Bourbon, who commanded the vanguard, immediately formed his troops, and ſent word to the King who was juſt going to ſupper. He did not ſtay to taſte it but went ſtraight to the enemy, where the ſkirmiſhing had already commenced, which laſted ſome while before the great game began. The King endeavoured to paſs his lanſquenets, of whom he had a conſiderable number, acroſs a ditch in order to reach the Swiſs, but whenever a few ranks had paſſed they were overwhelmed by the Swiſs and puſhed into the ditch; and had it not been for the lord de Guiſe,[1] who was left for dead, the Duke de Bourbon, the gentle Count de St. Pol, the good Knight and ſome others who charged through this body of Swiſs, there would have been much miſchief done, for night was faſt approaching, and night knows no ſhame.

The Swiſs were at length broken by the cavalry of the vanguard; and a body of about two thouſand of them paſſed oppoſite the King, who charged them gallantly. The fight was ſevere and his perſon was in great danger; for his grandebuffe[2] was pierced through and through by a pike. It was already ſo dark they could ſcarcely ſee each other, and the two parties were forced to ſeparate and repoſe as they could; the King of France ſharing the fortune of the meaneſt of his ſoldiers, and remaining all night on horſeback.

The good Knight had a narrow eſcape. In the laſt charge upon the Swiſs in the duſk of the evening, he was mounted on a gallant ſteed, his ſecond horſe, for the firſt had been killed under him in the firſt charge. The pikes briſtled ſo thick about him that his horſe's bridle was torn off. When the animal felt himſelf without rein, he ruſhed in ſpite of the Swiſs right through their ranks, and was carrying his rider ſtraight into another body of them, when he was fortunately arreſted by ſome vines feſtooned from tree to tree.

The good Knight, who did not loſe his preſence of mind, knew that he was dead paſt remedy if he fell into the hands of the enemy. He quickly diſmounted, threw of his helmet and cuiſſes, and crawled along the ditches upon all fours to where he gueſſed the French camp to be, and heard the cry of *France!* By God's mercy he reached it in ſafety, and the firſt perſon he met was the Duke of Lorraine, who was much ſhocked to ſee him thus on foot. He forthwith made them bring him a gallant charger, called le Carman, which had been taken at the ſiege of Breſcia, and preſented to the Duke by the good Knight himſelf. The good Knight rode him at the battle of Ravenna and left him there for dead with two pike wounds in his flanks and more than twenty ſword cuts on his head; but the next day he was found quietly grazing, and began to neigh; upon which he was taken to the good Knight's

quarters, and his wounds tended. It appears incredible, but is nevertheleſs a fact, that he would allow them to lay him down and dreſs his wounds without ſtirring, like a human being; and whenever he afterwards ſaw a ſword, he would ruſh at it and ſeize it with his teeth. A higher couraged horſe was never ſeen; he was another Alexander's Bucephalus.

The good Knight was rejoiced to find himſelf eſcaped from ſuch great danger, and ſo well remounted; but he was troubled at having no helmet, for in theſe affairs it is ſomewhat dangerous to go bareheaded. Perceiving a gentleman his friend, whoſe page was carrying his helmet, he begged him to lend it him for an hour or two, as he was afraid of catching cold after heating himſelf ſo much on foot; and he never parted with it till the battle was over.

At daybreak the Swiſs recommenced with an attack upon the French artillery, with which they were well ſerved. But they fought admirably for three or four good hours, till they were at length broken, leaving on the field ten or twelve thouſand men. The remainder retreated in pretty good order to Milan, whither they were eſcorted by the ſwords of the French and of a reinforcement of Venetians commanded by the captain general of the ſignory who had juſt arrived. The loſs of the French was very great, for there fell the lord Francis de Bourbon, the gentle captain d'Hymbercourt, the

count de Sanxerre, and the lord de Mouy; and the Prince de Talmont and the lord de Bucy afterwards died of their wounds. It was determined not to purſue the Swiſs, but to allow them to retire to their own country; and Milan ſoon after ſurrendered.

In the evening of the battle there was great joy in the French camp, and the King was minded at once to confer knighthood on thoſe who had ſerved him in this battle, and at the ſame time to do great honour to the good Knight who had ſo well ſuſtained his previous reputation. As by the rules of chivalry a knight only could confer knighthood, the King, before making the others, ſent for the lord de Bayard, and informed him that he deſired to be knighted by him as the knight of greateſt renown for his feats of arms on foot and on horſeback in divers battles, as Breſcia, Padua and Ravenna. "Sire," anſwered the good Knight, "he who is crowned, conſecrated and "anointed with the oil ſent from heaven and is king of "ſo noble a kingdom, the eldeſt ſon of the Church, is a "knight above all other knights." "Come Bayard," ſaid the King, "deſpatch. Allege me not laws and "canons; but obey my will and command, if you "would be of the number of my good ſervants and "ſubjects." "Certes, Sire," replied he, "I will "do it not once, but a hundred times at your com-"mand." He then took his ſword and laying it on

the King's ſhoulder ſaid; "Sire, may you be as re-
"nowned as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin
"his brother; and God grant you may never turn
"your back in war." Then in merry manner he held up his ſword and addreſſed it aloud;—"Moſt fortu-
"nate art thou to have this day conferred knighthood
"on ſo diſtinguiſhed and puiſſant a king. Certes, my
"good ſword, I ſhall keep thee as a ſacred relic, ho-
"noured above all others; and will never uſe thee but
"againſt Turks, Saracens or Moors;" and ſo he returned it to its ſcabbard.[3]

CHAPTER XXV.

Of many events which came to paſs in France, Italy and Spain during two or three years; and how the good Knight defended the town of Maizières againſt the Emperor's force, whereby he acquired great honour.

IN the month of December the King of France went to viſit the Pope at Bologna, who received him with great attentions. On his return he came to Milan; and having left there the Duke de Bourbon, conſtable of France, as his lieutenant general, he went ſtraight to Provence where he met his good and loyal ſpouſe, and Madame his mother whom, at his departure, he had left regent of his kingdom.

About this time died Ferdinand King of Arragon, who in his lifetime had gained great victories. He was vigilant, cautious and ſubtle; and it is nowhere related that he was ever overreached; and thus he greatly augmented the wealth of his ſucceſſor.

The Emperor Maximilian, diſpleaſed at the ſplendid victory which the King of France had gained over the Swiſs and at his having conquered his duchy of Milan, aſſembled a great number of lanſquenets and ſome Swiſs, and came in perſon into the ſaid duchy. The conſtable retired into the town, where a few days after he was reinforced by eight or ten thouſand Swiſs; ſeeing which, the Emperor, who was the moſt ſuſpicious man in the world, retreated to his own country. He gained little honour by his enterpriſe, but the Conſtable great renown. The good Knight made many incurſions on the Germans and took many priſoners, but he got nothing from them but their pikes and daggers.

The following year died John, King of Navarre, who had been deſpoiled by Ferdinand King of Arragon.

About the month of October in the ſame year the pardon of the cruſade was given in France by pope Leo, whence ſprang many ſcandals and jeſts by reaſon of the preachers, who ſaid much more than the bull warranted.

The laſt day of February 1517 the good, diſcreet and very perfect Queen of France, Claude, was delivered of her firſt ſon Francis, dauphin of Viennois, in the town of Amboiſe. There were great rejoicings throughout the kingdom of France; and amongſt others the town of Orleans did wonders; for during

a whole day two fountains poured forth red and white wine; and from a ſmall pipe there ran hypocras, to which many ſtuck when they had once taſted it.

In the year 1519 died the Emperor Maximilian; and his grandſon Charles, King of Spain, was elected Emperor in his ſtead.

Robert de La Marche, lord of Sedan, having made ſome incurſions into his territories, the new Emperor aſſembled an army of forty thouſand men under the Count de Naſſau and the lord Franciſco, and took ſeveral of his towns; and then, without any warning, ſuddenly beſieged and took Mozon which belonged to the King of France with whom he was at peace, and threatened the town of Maizieres in Champagne.

The King of France deſpatched the good Knight to defend it until he had collected his army, declaring that there was no man in his kingdom in whom he had greater confidence. The good Knight, who only deſired to ſerve his maſter and acquire honour, forthwith threw himſelf into Maizieres with the young lord Anne de Montmorency, and ſome other young gentlemen who volunteered to accompany him, with a number of infantry commanded by the captain Boncal and the lord de Montmoreau. They found the town in very poor plight for ſtanding a ſiege, but the good Knight ſet every one, horſe and foot, to work to repair the ramparts; and himſelf ſet them the example, and

inſpired them with ſuch courage that they thought themſelves in the ſtrongeſt place in the world.

Two days after their arrival Maizieres was beſieged from two points; on one ſide of the river by the lord Franciſco with about fifteen thouſand men, and on the other by the Count de Naſſau with more than twenty thouſand.

They ſent a herald to the good Knight to repreſent to him that he muſt needs ſurrender the town, which was not tenable againſt their force; that in conſideration of his chivalrous renown they would be grieved that it ſhould be taken by ſtorm, for it would much detract from his honour, and might coſt him his life; and that it only needed one misfortune to befall a man to throw into oblivion all the glorious acts of his life; and that if he would liſten to reaſon, they would give him ſuch terms as would content him.

When the good Knight had heard the herald's meſſage, he ſmiled; and without aſking any man's advice, at once anſwered; "My friend herald, I am over-"whelmed at the honour done me by the Count de "Naſſau and the lord Franciſco, who, knowing ſo "little of me, are ſo anxious for my ſafety. Return, "and tell them that the King my maſter has in his "kingdom many more capable than myſelf to defend "this frontier town; but that ſince he has done me "the honour to confide it to me, I hope by the help of

" our Lord to hold it ſo long that your maſters will " be much more weary of the ſiege than I ſhall; and " that I am no longer a child to be ſcared with words." The herald was then well feaſted, and ſent away, and on his return to the camp reported the anſwer, which was far from agreeable to the two lords.

There was preſent the captain called great John of Picardy, who had ſpent great part of his life in the ſervice of the Kings of France in Italy, who ſaid aloud, " My lords, do not expect to enter Maizieres ſo long " as my lord de Bayard lives. I know him, and he " has often led me in battle. Had he the greateſt " cowards in the world in his company he would make " them bold; and believe me, all who are with him " will die in the breach and himſelf at their head, " before we ſet foot in the town; and for myſelf, I " had rather there were two thouſand men more in " the town, provided he were away."

The count replied, " Captain, the lord de Bayard is " not made of iron or ſteel more than another. If he " be a gallant companion let him ſhew it; for before " four days are over I ſhall have given him ſuch a can- " nonading that he will not know which way to turn." " Well we ſhall ſee," ſaid the captain, " but you will " be miſtaken."

The batteries now began to play, and in leſs than four days fired more than five thouſand rounds in-

to the town; which the beſieged anſwered to the beſt of their ability; the camp of the lord Franciſco doing much more miſchief than the other, from its being ſtationed on a height.

Although the good Knight was deemed one of the braveſt men in the world, he poſſeſſed another quality equally deſerving of praiſe; for he was one of the moſt vigilant and ſubtle warriors to be found. Having conſidered how he might induce the lord Franciſco, whoſe camp did him ſo much miſchief, to repaſs the water, he adopted this plan. He cauſed a letter to be written to maſter Robert de La Marche, who was then at Sedan, inviting him to bring over to the King's party the lord Franciſco, who was not, he underſtood, indiſpoſed to it; but he urged him to do it that very day, telling him as a great ſecret that twelve thouſand Swiſs and eight hundred men-at-arms had arrived within three leagues, and were to attack the lord Franciſco's camp at daybreak next morning whilſt he himſelf made a ſally from the town; and that he would be very clever if he eſcaped being cut to pieces with his whole army.

The letter was deſpatched by a peaſant, who had ſcarcely got two bow-ſhots from the town when he was ſeized, as the good Knight had anticipated, and carried before the lord Franciſco; who had no ſooner read the letter than he concluded that the Count de Naſſau, be-

tween whom and himſelf there was ſome jealouſy, had poſted him on the other ſide of the river on purpoſe to expoſe him to deſtruction. In great anger he cauſed his drums and trumpets to ſound to the ſtandard; loaded his baggage waggons, and breaking up his camp, prepared to recroſs the water.

The Count de Naſſau, hearing the noiſe, ſent to know what was the matter, and received for anſwer a meſſage from the lord Franciſco, that he would croſs the river and not ſtay to be butchered for his pleaſure; and that if he were not allowed to encamp his troops with the others, the combat ſhould ſoon decide to whom the field belonged. Never man was more aſtounded than the Count de Naſſau; however, to guard againſt ſurprize, he got his men in battle array; and meanwhile the lord Franciſco's troops croſſed and alſo formed in order of battle. They ſeemed on the point of coming to blows, and the drums ſounded impetuouſly.

The poor fellow who had carried the letter contrived to eſcape to Maizières, and went to make his excuſes to the good Knight, who laughed heartily at the ſucceſs of his ſcheme. Proceeding to the ramparts with ſome gentlemen and ſeeing theſe two camps arrayed againſt each other, he ſent half a dozen cannon balls amongſt them, whilſt meſſengers were paſſing from one to the other, who at length ſucceeded in appeaſing them, and getting them to quarters. The

next day they truſſed their points and raiſed the ſiege, without ever daring to attempt the aſſault, and all from fear of the good Knight; who hereby gained freſh laurels, having kept them at bay for three weeks, whilſt the King of France levied an army powerful enough to cope with the enemy. The King came in perſon to his camp, whither the good Knight went to pay him his reſpects, retaking the town of Mozon on his route.

The King gave him a moſt gracious reception, and was never weary of publiſhing his praiſes. He made him a knight of his order,[1] and gave him a command of a hundred men-at-arms. They then purſued and drove the enemy into Valenciennes, but not before the Germans had laid waſte great part of Picardy with fire; for which the French repaid them with intereſt in Hainault.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How the good Knight, in a retreat which took place in Italy, was killed by an artillery ſhot; and of the great mourning which was made for his death.

MANY reaſons oblige me to paſs over ſeveral matters which took place in Italy, and proceed to relate the death of the good Knight without fear and without reproach. Irreparable the loſs, and ſad the day for the whole nobility of France!

At the commencement of the year 1524 the King of France had a large army encamped at Biagras in Italy under the command of his Admiral the lord de Bonnivet. One day the admiral ſent for the good Knight and deſired him to take poſt with two hundred men-at-arms and ſome infantry in the village of Rebec near Milan, the better to obſerve the Spaniards who were in that city.

Though the good Knight was never in the habit of murmuring at any charge committed to him, he remon-

ſtrated ſtrongly with the Admiral, telling him that it would take half his army to defend Rebec, and that with a ſmall force he would be certain to meet with ſome diſgrace. The Admiral aſſured him that he need be under no apprehenſion; that not a mouſe ſhould ſtir from Milan without his having notice of it; and ſaid ſo much of one kind or other, that the good Knight very reluctantly ſet out for Rebec. He took however but two chargers with him, ſending his mules and baggage to Novara, as though he foreſaw that all he retained with him would be loſt.

There were no means of fortifying the village but barricading the entrances of the ſtreets; for it was aſſailable on all ſides. The good Knight wrote frequently to the Admiral repreſenting the danger they were in, and requiring reinforcements; but he received no anſwer. The Spaniards who were ſome fifteen thouſand ſtrong in Milan, learning from their ſpies that he was in Rebec with ſo ſmall a party, determined one night to ſurprize him; and with this intent took the field at midnight to the number of ſix or ſeven thouſand infantry and four or five hundred men-at-arms, guided by people who were acquainted with the village and the quarters of the chief officers; and each having a ſhirt over his armour that they might diſtinguiſh one another in the darkneſs.

The good Knight, always diſtruſtful of ſome miſhap,

kept watch and ward every night with half his men; ſo that as much from melancholy as from cold, he felt more ſeriouſly ill than he cared to let appear. However he was obliged that day to keep his room. When evening came he charged his officers to keep watch as uſual, and look out well on all ſides againſt a ſurprize. They went, or pretended to go; but becauſe it came on to rain a little, all left their poſts but three or four poor archers. When the Spaniards approached within a bow-ſhot of the village they were much aſtoniſhed at finding no one, and thought that the good Knight had been warned of their enterprize, and had retired to Byagras. However they had not advanced a hundred paces farther when they encountered the few archers who remained on guard; and without raiſing any cry, they charged them. The poor fellows made no reſiſtance, but fled, crying, Alarm! Alarm! but they were ſo ſharply purſued that the enemy were at the barriers as ſoon as they.

The good Knight, who in ſuch danger never ſlept but in his clothes armed with his vambraces[1] and cuiſſes, and with his cuiraſs near him, ſtarted up, had the bridle put on his already ſaddled charger, and hurried to the barrier with five or ſix of his own men-at-arms; whither he was preſently followed by the captain Lorges with ſome foot ſoldiers who behaved right well.

The enemy were ſurrounding the village, ſeeking

the quarters of the good Knight; for had they taken him, there would have remained little for them to do: but they had not got him yet.

Whilſt the fight was going on at the barrier he heard the drums of their infantry beating to the attack moſt luſtily, and deſired the captain Lorges to retire his men, in as compact a body as he could, ſtraight to Byagras, whilſt he himſelf and the cavalry protected their rear; for that they muſt needs abandon their baggage to the enemy, and endeavour to ſave their lives if poſſible. This was done; and the French made ſo gallant a retreat that they loſt but ten men.

The Spaniards ſought on all ſides for the good Knight; but he was already at Byagras, where on his arrival he had high words with the Admiral, which I will not repeat; and had they both lived, the matter might have gone farther. The good Knight had nearly died of vexation at his miſhap, though it was no fault of his; but in war there is more hap and miſhap than in any thing elſe.

A ſhort time after this affair the Admiral, perceiving his camp diminiſhing daily from ſickneſs and want of proviſions, called a council of war, in which it was determined to withdraw the army. He arranged his order of march; and, as was always the caſe in retreats, the good Knight remained with the rearguard. The Spaniards followed them from day to day in good battle

array, and had frequent ſkirmiſhes with them; but whenever they came to charge, they were bearded by the good Knight and his men-at-arms, who ſhewed ſo bold a front as made them quite ſhy, and ever and anon he drove them back on their main body. The Spaniards threw out on each ſide of the road a large body of hacquebuteers and harquebuzeers, whoſe pieces carry as large ſtones as a hacquebute on reſt; by one of which the gentle lord de Vendeneſſe was wounded, and died ſome time after; a great loſs to France. The young lord de Vaudemont, who was new to the profeſſion of arms, bore himſelf right gallantly, and made ſuch ſplendid charges that he ſeemed never to have practiſed any thing elſe.

Meanwhile the good Knight, as calm under this fire as though he were in his own houſe, ſteadily retired his men-at-arms, conſtantly facing the enemy; and, ſword in hand, occaſioned them more fear than a hundred others. But, (ſo it pleaſed God to permit) a ſtone from a harquebuze ſtruck him on the loins and broke the great bone of the ſpine. When he felt the blow he cried "Jeſus!" and then exclaimed, "Alas! "my God, I am a dead man!" He kiſſed the hilt of his ſword in ſign of the croſs, and ſaying aloud, "*Miſerere* "*mei Deus ſecundum magnam miſericordiam tuam*," he became ſuddenly pale and faint, and nearly fell from his horſe; but he had ſtill ſtrength to ſeize the arçon of his

ſaddle and ſupport himſelf, till a young gentleman, the ſteward of his houſehold, helped him to diſmount and laid him under a tree.

When the news ſpread through the two armies that the good Knight was mortally wounded, there were great lamentations even amongſt the Spaniards; for he had always been very kind to his priſoners, and liberal in reſpect of their ranſom; and they knew that by his death nobility itſelf was impaired; for, without diſparaging others, he was the moſt perfect knight in this world. One of their principal captains, the Marquis of Peſcara, who came to ſee him before he died, ſpoke thus highly in his praiſe; "Would to God, gentle "lord de Bayard, that it had coſt me the fourth of my "blood, ſhort of death, and I were to faſt from fleſh "for two years, ſo I could have you my priſoner and "in health; for by the treatment I ſhould give you, "you would know how highly I eſteem your proweſs. "The firſt praiſe my countrymen gave you when they "ſaid *Mouchos griſones y pocos Bayardos*,[2] was not given "you undeſervedly; for ſince I have wielded arms, I "have never ſeen or heard of knight who approached "you in all virtuous qualities. And though I ought "to be well pleaſed to ſee you thus, being aſſured that "the Emperor my maſter in his wars has never had a "more formidable enemy, yet when I conſider the "loſs that all chivalry ſuffers this day, may God never

" aid me, if I would not have given half of my ſub-
" ſtance to have had it otherwiſe. But ſince death has
" no remedy, I pray Him who has created us all in His
" own image to receive your ſoul to Himſelf."

Such piteous and tearful regrets did the gentle Marquis of Peſcara and many other captains utter over the body of the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and believe me, there were not half a dozen in the whole Spaniſh army who did not come to ſee him one after another.

And if the enemy thus lamented his death, judge what was the ſorrow of the French army; by every man of which he had made himſelf beloved. You would have ſaid there was not one who had not loſt a father or a mother. The poor gentlemen of his company made inconceivable lamentation. " Alas!" cried they, addreſſing Death, " diſloyal fury! what offence
" had this ſo perfect and virtuous Knight given thee?
" Thou haſt avenged thyſelf not on him only, but haſt
" plunged us all into grief till ſuch time as thou ſhalt
" finiſh thy work on us as on him. Under what ſhep-
" herd ſhall we now go forth to the fields? What
" guide can God henceforth give us, with whom we
" can be in ſuch ſafety as we were with him? For
" there was no one who in his preſence felt not as con-
" fident as in the ſtrongeſt place in the world. Where
" ſhall we henceforth find a captain who will ranſom

" us when priſoners, remount us when diſmounted, and " cheriſh us as he did? It is impoſſible. Oh! cruel " Death! it is ever thy way, that the more perfect a " man is, the greater delight thou takeſt in undoing " and deſtroying him! But though thou haſt taken him " from this world, thou canſt not prevent, that in ſpite " of thee, his renown and glory ſhall remain immortal " ſo long as that world ſhall endure; for his life has " been ſo virtuous, that it will leave its memory with " all the noble and virtuous knights who ſhall come " after him."

So piteouſly did the poor gentlemen bewail themſelves, that had the hardeſt heart in the world been preſent, they would have conſtrained it to partake their ſorrow. His domeſtic ſervants were paralyſed with grief, and his poor ſteward never quitted him, and the good Knight confeſſed himſelf to him for lack of a prieſt. The poor gentleman melted into tears, but the good Knight tenderly ſought to comfort him, ſaying, that it was God's will to take him from the world, by whoſe grace he had ſo long remained in it, and had received more favours and honours than he had deſerved; that his only regret in dying was that he had not diſcharged his duty as he ought; but that he prayed his Creator of his infinite mercy to have pity on his ſoul, and of his great and incomprehenſible goodneſs not to deal with him in rigorous juſtice.

The lord d'Alegre, provoſt of Paris, came to him and received his inſtructions regarding his will and teſtament; and he was followed by a Swiſs captain, named Jean Dyeſbac, who came with half a dozen men to bear him off on their pikes. But the good Knight beſought them to regard their own ſafety, and leave him where he was; for that when he moved he felt all the agony poſſible ſhort of death, which would ſoon ſeize him. He commended his ſoul to their prayers, and deſired them to ſalute the King his maſter from him, and ſay how grieved he was he could no longer ſerve him; and thus, as the Spaniards approached, with many tears they left him.

The Conſtable de Bourbon, who had been engaged in a conſpiracy againſt the King of France, and had fled the kingdom, was at that time in command of the Spaniſh army. He came to conſole Bayard, telling him how diſtreſſed he was at his accident; but exhorting him to be of good cheer, for he would ſend for the beſt ſurgeons in the country, and by God's help he would be cured. When the good Knight recogniſed him, he anſwered, "My lord, I have no "longer need of phyſicians for the body but of thoſe "of the ſoul. I am not to be pitied who die with my "honour unſullied; but you, who are in arms againſt "your prince, your country and your oath."

He continued to live for two or three hours; the

enemy having ſtretched a handſome tent over him, and laid him on a camp-bed. A prieſt was brought, to whom he devoutly confeſſed himſelf in theſe very words; "My God, I am well aſſured that Thou art "always ready to have mercy and to forgive him who "turns to Thee with all his heart, however great may "have been his ſins. Alas! my God, Creator and "Redeemer, I have grievouſly offended Thee during "my life, for which I am heartily ſorry. I know well "that a thouſand years of penance in the deſert on "bread and water, were inſufficient to gain me en-"trance into Thy kingdom of Paradiſe, unleſs Thou "wert pleaſed of Thy great and infinite goodneſs to "receive me; for no creature in this world can merit "ſuch high favor. My Father and Saviour! I be-"ſeech Thee not to look upon the faults I have com-"mitted, and that I may experience Thy great mercy "rather than the rigor of Thy juſtice." And with theſe words he yielded his ſoul to God.

The Spaniſh chiefs appointed ſome gentlemen to carry him to a church where ſolemn ſervice was chanted over him for two days. His followers then carried the body into Dauphiny, of which province he was the King's lieutenant, paſſing through the territories of the Duke of Savoy, where the ſame honours were paid it as though he had been his brother. In Dauphiny the mourning which took place at the announce-

ment of his death passes all description; and I believe there has not died these thousand years a gentleman so lamented by all ranks.

As the funeral procession descended the mountains, it was escorted by a large concourse of people from church to church with great honours; and about half a league from Grenoble was met by my lords of the parliament of Dauphiny, my lords the counts, nearly all the nobles of the country, and the greater part of the citizens, whether sojourners or inhabitants, who accompanied the body to the church of our Lady in that city, where it lay for a day and a night whilst solemn service was performed over it. The next day it was conducted with the same honours to a Monastery of Mynims, half a league from the town, founded by his good uncle the Bishop of Grenoble, where it was interred amidst the tears of the whole population, more especially of the poor, the widows and the orphans, to whom he was wont secretly to distribute alms. One would have said that for a month the people of Dauphiny expected only impending ruin, for they did nothing but weep and lament; and all fetes, dances, banquets and other pastimes ceased. Alas! they had good reason, for a heavier loss could not have happened to that country.

To enumerate the virtues of the good Knight were superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God.

Suffice it then to ſay that he loved and feared God above all things; he never ſwore or blaſphemed; and in all his affairs and neceſſities he ever had recourſe to Him; being fully perſuaded that by Him and His infinite goodneſs all things are ordered, nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himſelf to Him in prayer. He loved his neighbour as himſelf, and never poſſeſſed a crown but it was at the ſervice of the firſt who needed it. He was a great alms giver, and gave his alms in ſecret; he ſuccoured widows in diſtreſs; and during his life had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan girls, gentlefolk and others. If a gentleman under his command was diſmounted he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spaniſh charger worth two or three hundred crowns for a nag worth but ſix, and giving the gentleman to underſtand that the latter was juſt the horſe to ſuit himſelf. So graciouſly did he confer his gifts. He was a ſorry flatterer; and never ſwerved from ſpeaking truth were it to the greateſt of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war none excelled him. In conduct he was a Fabius Maximus; in enterprize, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a ſecond Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect ſoldier; He

was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat. In ſhort it would take a good orator his life, to recount all his virtues; I who am unſkilled in learning cannot pretend to it. But I humbly pray all readers of this hiſtory to be indulgent to what I have written, for I have done my beſt; though far ſhort of what was due to the praiſe of ſo perfect and virtuous a perſon as the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle lord de Bayard; whoſe ſoul may God of his grace receive into Paradiſe. AMEN.

Here endeth the very joyous pleaſant and refreſhing hiſtory of the feats exploits triumphs and atchievements of the good knight without fear and without reproach the gentle lord de Bayard.

NOTES.

PAGE 1.—*The country of Dauphiny, which now forms part of the fair realm of France.*

THE ceſſion of Dauphiny took place under Philip de Valois. Humbert II., the laſt prince of the houſe of Tour le Pin, having loſt his only ſon, gave this province to the King of France by a treaty concluded in 1343, and carried into execution in 1349. He afterwards aſſumed the Dominican habit, and died in 1355.

P. 2.—*His father.*

AYMOND DU TERRAIL was the father of Pierre du Terrail, called the Chevalier Bayard. Aymond was remarkable for his great ſtature and ſtrength. He was ſeverely wounded at the battle of Guignegaſte, in Picardy, fought between Louis XI. and the Archduke of Auſtria in command of the Flemings in 1479; in which battle the king was defeated. Pierre was born in 1476 in the Chateau Bayard in the valley of Graiſivaudan, a few leagues from Grenoble. Pierre du Terrail, the grandfather of the good Knight, and whom, we are told, he ſo much reſembled, was renowned for his feats of arms, which acquired him the ſurname of *l'épée Terrail.* He was killed at the battle of Montlhery, fought

between Louis XI. and the Count of Charolois, afterwards Charles the Bold of Burgundy, in 1465.

The arms of Terrail, given at the back of our title page, were, according to Paillot, *d'azur, au chef d'argent chargé d'un lion iſſant de gueules, au filet en bande d'or brochant ſur le tout.* The legend, as well as that at the end of the Hiſtory, is taken from engravings on the blade of Bayard's ſword, in the poſſeſſion of Sir John P. Boileau, Bart.

P. 18.—*Hung up his ſhields.*

Sir Samuel Meyrick ſays, "ſhields were divided into ſhields of war and ſhields of peace. Both were hung up at tournaments, and the tenants (or challengers) were obliged to combat with ſharp or blunt ſpears or weapons, according as the ſquires of the comers touched either the one or the other. Upon the ſhields of war were depicted the arms of the owner; on the ſhields of peace, his device. The ſhield of war, for example, of Edward the Black Prince, bore quarterly old France and England; while that of peace was ſable, three oſtrich feathers argent, penned and ſcrolled or."

P. 32.—*Of the ordonnance companies of the King of France.*

The *compagnies d'ordonnance* were inſtituted by Charles VII., who formed fifteen of them as a force to be perpetually kept on foot, for the preſervation of peace and ſecurity within his realm, as well as for purpoſes of foreign warfare; and the country gladly conſented to be at the expenſe of their ſupport, in return for the protection they afforded. Each company conſiſted of 100 lances or men-at-arms, who were all gentlemen, as appears alſo by Bayard's reply to the Em-

peror's propoſal that they ſhould accompany his lanſquenets to ſtorm the breach at Padua, p. 102. To each lance were attached three archers, a contillier or ſquire, and a page. In the time of Francis I. the rule as to the men-at-arms being all gentlemen began to be relaxed. V. le pere Daniel, *Hiſt. de la Milice Françoiſe.*

P. 34.—*The great gardebras.*

The gardebras was a ſeparate piece which overlaid and protected the junctures of the armour at the ſhoulder and elbow. The great gardebras being that which protected the ſhoulder. See Skelton's Illuſtrations of the Goodrich Court Armory.

P. 41.—*The good and gentle Prince, who had the heart of a lion.*

Philip de Comines, gives the following graphic deſcription of Charles VIII. at the battle of Fournoue:

"Le Lundi matin environ ſept heures 6e Juillet 1485 monta le noble Roy à cheval, et me fit appeler par pluſieurs fois. Je vins à lui et le trouvai armè de toutes pieces et montè ſur le plus beau cheval que j'ai vu de mon temps appelè Savoye; pluſieurs diſoient qu'il etoit cheval de Breſſe; le duc Charles de Savoye le lui avoit donnè, et eſtoit noir, et n'avoit qu'un œil, et eſtoit moyen cheval de bonne grandeur pour celui qui eſtoit monté deſſus. Et ſembloit que ce jeune homme fut tout autre que ſa nature ne portoit, ne ſa taille, ne ſa complexion; car il eſtoit fort craintif à parler, et eſt encores aujourd'hui. Auſſi avoit il etè nourri en grande crainte et avec petites perſonnes; et ce cheval le montroit grand, et avoit le viſage bon et bonne couleur, et la parole audacieuſe et ſage; Et ſembloit bien, (et, m'en ſouvient), que frère Hiero-

nyme m'avoit dit vrai, quand il me dit que Dieu la conduiſoit par la main, et qu'il auroit bien affaire du chemin, mais que l'honneur lui en demeureroit."

P. 45.—*The good Knight dealt him ſuch a blow on the upper part of his grandebuffe, &c.*

In the original it is thus: "Mais le bon chevalier luy bailla ſi grant coup ſur le hault de ſa grant buffe, qu'il l'en deſarma, la perça à jour, et fiſt voller ſa lance en cinq on ſix pieces. Ledit ſeigneur de Rovaſtre reprit ſa grant buffe, et courut la ſeconde lance, dont il fiſt trèſbien ſon devoir, car il la rompit auſſi bien ou mieulx que la premiere."

Mr. Way informs me that this word grantbuffe is very uncommon; he believes it to be the ſame with grandguard, the preciſe meaning of which latter word has not, he ſays, been ſatisfactorily aſcertained. He has ſent me the following intereſting note upon this paſſage:

"The grande-buffe was a kind of bevor, the part of the armour for the head which ſerved to protect the lower part of the face; the viſor being properly the defence of the upper; but the terms are frequently confounded. The ordinary *buffe* was part and parcel of the headpiece itſelf; but this, diſtinguiſhed as the grande-buffe, was a ſeparate piece of more than ordinary defence, uſually faſtened by means of ſcrews and nuts to the breaſt-plate on the left ſhoulder, ſo that it ſtood before the face like a ſcreen, as may be ſeen in ſeveral of the earlier plates in Skelton's illuſtrations of the Goodrich Court Armory. Sir Samuel Meyrick calls it the *mentonière*. It may eaſily be underſtood how the violent blow "*ſur le haut*" of a piece ſo adjuſted might, by the ſtrain upon the ſcrews whereby it was faſtened at the lower ſide, break them or the nuts ſcrewed upon them, and cauſe this little chin-ſhield to fall ("*l'en deſarma*"), at the ſame time piercing the plate of

which it was formed. Such defences were uſually employed only in the tournament,—the armour for war being diveſted of all extra pieces in order to lighten it and make it more commodious, or rather, leſs inconvenient. It is curious therefore to find it uſed at the battle of Marignano by Francis I., who was not accuſtomed to take any unuſual precautions. (See page 211).

Buffe is a term of Italian derivation, but unnoticed by writers on ancient armour. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, gives "buffa, the buffie, or breathing hole of a caſque or headpiece." Howell, another lexicographer of the ſame age renders the viſor of a helmet, *la buffa*, *baviera*, *la ventaglia*. It was in this part of the armour that a little door was contrived, or elſe a number of perforations, to give air when deſired by the warrior therein encloſed. The word buffe doubtleſs was brought from Milan, which ſupplied the moſt coſtly and highly eſteemed armour."

P. 49.—*Lanſquenets.*

The lanſquenet was the common German foot ſoldier. The word is derived either from *lanze*, lance, or from *land*, land; and *knechte*, knave.

P. 60.—*He bribed an Albanian of the garriſon.*

We find that the cuſtom of engaging mercenary troops had at this time become prevalent; which was the firſt indication of the inefficiency and of the decline of the feudal ſyſtem in matters of warfare. We find both Swiſs and Albanians in the ſervice of oppoſing parties, the miſchievous effects of which are noticed by the "loyal Serviteur," p. 54, and alluded to again in relating the Emperor's retreat from Milan, p. 217. For an account of theſe Albanians, ſee note p. 123.

P. 67.—*When they were armed in gorget and ſecrette.*

Mr. Way ſays "ſecrette was *occaſionally* uſed to denote a coat of armour worn under the uſual dreſs, and thereby concealed; "a privy coat of fence," v. Jamieſon's Scottiſh Dictionary. Theſe were made of ſilk or velvet externally, concealing an interior defence of mail, or ſmall overlapping plates, which were uſually quilted into the garment.

"But the *proper* meaning of the word is a concealed cap or ſkeleton defence for the head, often worn in the hat, and a ſufficient protection againſt a very ſharp blow." V. Cotgrave, Fr. and Engl. Dict.

"There are various ſecrettes in the Tower and other Armories. The term is moſt probably Italian, as well as the firſt uſe of ſuch defence againſt aſſaſſination. They were made ſometimes in the faſhion of a ſkeleton frame of ſteel bars hinged together, and folding up ſo as to be carried about the perſon, and put into the cap in a few ſeconds, when required; a curious evidence of the character of the times."

The ſecrette in this paſſage, and indeed throughout this hiſtory, means certainly the ſteel cap. For, in the duel deſcribed in the 18th chapter, between Azevedo and St. Croix, it is expreſſly ſtated that they wore the ſecrette, but had no armour whatever to protect their bodies, which were felt over by the ſponſors to aſcertain that they wore no concealed armour. But in this duel between Bayard and Don Alonzo, the combatants fought in full armour, except that their faces were expoſed; and this by expreſs deſire of Don Alonzo, who, in a moſt unknightly ſpirit, thus endeavoured to take advantage of Bayard's weakneſs, induced by his attack of fever. This appears from the following very intereſting and corroborative account of this duel given by Jean d'Auton, Hiſt. du Roy Louys XII:

"Le Seigneur Alonſe de Sotomajor, Eſpaignol, manda à Pierre de Bayard, François, qu'il vouloit que la querelle dont

entre eux deux eſtoit queſtion fut miſe à chef. Et avec ce, pria par lettres celui Dom Alonſe ledit Bayard qu'il voulut bien ſur ce eſtre demandeur et ſouffrir que lui fût defendeur, ſuppoſé que cette querelle eut reveillée et miſe ſus. Et ce faiſoit il pour avoir loi de choiſir et ordonner la maniere du combat, et bailler les glaives. Ce que doit faire tout defendeur en querelle d'outrance. Quoi que ſoit, celui Pierre de Bayard, voyant ce que par l'Eſpaignol mandé lui eſtoit, octroya tout; diſant, ſur bonne querelle ne me chault d'eſtre defendeur ou demandeur; et ainſi fut content d'eſtre le demandeur. Parquoi le dit Eſpaignol, ſachant celui François eſtre à cheval l'un des plus adroits qu'on ſçeut, ne le voulut combattre autrement que à pied, *armé de toutes armes, reſervé d'armet et de baviere, à viſaige decouvert*, avec l'eſtoc et le poignart, dont lui envoya deux eſtocs et deux poignards pour choiſir et prendre les meilleurs ..... Quand le jour fut venu pour devoir combattre les champions, ſe trouverent ſur le lieu, armés et accoutrés, le glaive au poing. Le parrain de Pierre de Bayard eſtoit Pierre de Poquiers, Seigneur de Bellabre. Le Seigneur de la Paliſſe ſe tint près de là afin de garder que par les Eſpaignols ne fut au champ fait quelque force au champion François.

Apres les ſermens et autres ceremonies à gaige de bataille appartenants faits, Pierre de Bayard demandeur comme j'ai dit, entra en la lice tout allegrement, ſans muër couleur, ne contenance changer, armé de toutes pieces, le viſaige ſeulement decouvert, l'eſtoc tout nud en la main dextre et le poignard en l'autre. Dom Alonſe entra apres armé en la façon de l'autre, l'eſtoc à la main et le poignard à la ceinture. Ce fait, le dit Eſpaignol ſ'addreſſa au François en lui diſant en langaige Eſpaignol, Señor Petre de Bayard que me quieres? Auquel fit cette reponſe; Dom Alonſe de Sotomajor, je quiers defendre contre toi mon honneur, dont fauſſement et mauvaiſement m'as accuſé. Et ce dit approcherent l'un de l'autre,

et à grands eſtocs ſe cherchoient partout; et pluſieurs fois faillirent l'un et l'autre à eux rencontrer au viſaige qu'ils avoient tout à nud. L'Eſpaignol, qui moult puiſſant et alegre eſtoit toujours, avoit l'œil au guet pour cuider aſſenner ſon homme à droit et le vouloir ſaiſir; Et à cette cauſe tenoit la main ſeneſtre au delivre; mais à tout ſes efforts lui eſtoient ſes coups par le François rabbatus, et lui ſouvent taſtè de bien pres. Comme deux lions echauffès ſ'entrebatoient ces deux champions, leſquels ecumoient comme ſanglier aux abois. Que fut ce, long temps combatoient ſans pouvoir ſçavoir qui des deux avoit le meilleur. Et n'y avoit celui d'iceulx qui en mortel danger ne fut. Les François qui là etoient avoient grande doubte de leur homme, qui encores n'eſtoit bien gueri des fievres, mais pour ce ne perdoit coup à ruer. Les Eſpaignols auſſi n'etoient ſi aſſurès de leur champion qu'il n'y avoit celui de ſes amis qui ne l'eut voulu pour ſon profit en Saragoſſe. Chacun d'eux cotoyoit ſon ennemi, et approchoit de la longueur du glaive pour le cuider trouver au decouvert et donner dedans. Et à l'une des fois Pierre de Bayard au rabattre un des coups de l'Eſpagnol l'approcha de tant, que en lui cuidant donner de toute puiſſance de l'eſtoc au travers du viſaige, comme celui Eſpagnol flanchit la tete en arriere, le coup fut aſſennè en ſa gorgerette de telle force que au travers des mailles lui entra en la gorge plus de quatre doigts; tant que au tirer l'eſtoc grande abondance de ſang commença à ruiſſeler par deſſus le harnois juſques à terre. Dont celui Eſpaignol comme forçené de cette outraige à toute force ſe voulut revenger; Et pour ce faire ſ'approcha tant de ſon homme que chacun penſoit qu'il le voulut ſaiſir au collet. Et là ſ'eſſaya ſouvent et menu de lui rendre autant qu'il lui avoit baillé; mais tant perdoit de ſang que la terre ou ils eſtoient en eſtoit toute enrougie, et de moult ſ'affoibliſſoit. Toutesfois pour cela ne demarchait un ſeul pas, mais plus que devant ſe ſerroit contre le François. Et tant que à la parfin ſe joignit à lui.

Et ainſi à belle pointe d'eſtoc ſe taterent longuement l'un l'autre. Et comme ſi pres l'un de l'autre fuſſent que de la main au viſaige ſe puiſſent toucher, Pierre de Bayard, François, adviſant ſon coup, lui roua ſoudainement le poignard qu'il tenoit à ſeneſtre main de toute ſa force contre le viſaige, et entre l'œil ſeneſtre et le bout du nez lui mit juſques à la poignée; tant que dedans le cerveau lui entra. Dont, pour l'angoiſſe de la mort dont eſtoit celui Eſpaignol attaint, tomba à la renverſe et le dit Pierre de Bayard le deſſus ſans lui tirer le glaive de la tete. Et voyant que aſſez en avoit, ne lui voulut donner autre coup. Mais mit les genoils bas et alla baiſer la terre, en louant Dieu de la victoire que par ſon aide avoit obtenu. Ce fait les François ſ'en retournerent joyeuſement, et les Eſpaignols bien courroucès."

P. 72.—*Aiming not at the men, but at the horſes.*

The conduct of the Spaniards, both on this occaſion and in the duel between Bayard and Don Alonzo, reflects little credit on their knightly character. To ſtrike the adverſary's horſe at a tourney, was conſidered by the Engliſh, at leaſt, and, as here appears, by the French alſo, as very diſgraceful. In the "ordinances, ſtatutes, and rules made and enacted by John, Earl of Worceſter, conſtable of England, by the King's (Henry VIII.) commandment at Windſor, the 14th May, in the 6th year of his noble reign, to be obſerved and kept in all manner of juſtes of peace royall within the realm of England &c.," occurs the following:

Item. "If any man ſtrike a horſe with his ſpeare he ſhall be put out of the tourney without any favour incontinent; and if any ſlay a horſe, he ſhall pay to the owner of the ſaid horſe 100 crowns in recompenſe; alſo it is not to be thought that any man will ſtrike a horſe willingly; for if he do, it ſhall be to his great diſhonour."

P. 73.—*Under eſcort of ſome lancers.*

Genetaires, light horſemen, whoſe lances were of a peculiar form.

P. 80.—*Guidon.*

A triangular flag of a troop; a pennon. Alſo the perſon who carried it.

P. 82.—*The Pope Julius.*

Julius II. Cardinal Rovera; the friend and patron of Michael Angelo and Raphael. His portrait by the latter is in the National Gallery. Champier informs us that after the return from the Garillan, Pope Julius wiſhed to make Bayard "Capitaine de l'Egliſe;" but that he would never accept it. His anſwer to the Pope's propoſal is remarkable. He ſaid, "qu'il remerçioit beaucoup le Pape de ſon bon vouloir grandement; mais qu'il avoit un Seigneur au ciel et un autre en terre; c'eſtoit Dieu au ciel et le roi de France en terre; Et que autre ne ſerviroit en ce monde. Dont feuſt tres deſplaiſant Pape Jules. Et dict que c'eſtoit la coutume des François de ainſi aimer leur Prince naturel." Alas! how is the good cuſtom changed!

P. 85.—*Where he was entertained at a moſt magnificent banquet by the lord Jean Jacques Trivulce.*

In the account given of this entertainment by Jean d'Auton, we find that the banquet was followed by a ball, and amongſt the dancers were two cardinals. "Apres le ſouper les dames vindrent en place, où le Roy meſme voulut danſer, qui trèſbien ſçavoit ſ'en aider. Toutesfois il ne danſa gueres; et, comme il fut dict, il danſa avec la marquiſe de Mantoue,

belle dame à merveilles; et puis fit danſer les princes et ſeigneurs qui là etoient, voire les cardinaulx de Narbonne et de Saint-Severin, et aulcuns aultres qui ſ'en acquiterent comme il ſçeurent."

We ſhall find afterwards two cardinals commanding diviſions of the army at the ſiege of Padua, and the Pope himſelf conducting that of the caſtle of Mirandola.

P. 87.—*Who were made to try whether their necks were ſtrong enough to carry away a battlement.*

It is curious to contraſt the indifference and levity with which the ſlaughter, in cold blood, of the unfortunate peaſants and common ſoldiers is ſpoken of, with the lamentations made on the death of any of gentle birth. When a battle was gained, the common ſoldiers were ſlaughtered without mercy, but the men-at-arms who were of gentle blood and could pay a ranſom were ſpared.

It is ſtill more curious that the Engliſh cuſtom in this reſpect was preciſely the reverſe of the French. The former ſpared the common men and ſlew the leaders, as we learn from the following paſſage of Philip de Comines.

"Leur coutume d'Angleterre eſt que quand ils ſont au deſſus de la bataille, ils ne tuent riens, et par eſpecial, du peuple, car ils connoiſſent que chacun quiert leur complaire parce que ils ſont les plus forts, et ſi ne mettent nuls à finance. . . . Mais encores m'a conté le Roy Edouard qu'en toutes les batailles qu'il avoit gaignèes, que des qu'il venoit au deſſus, il montait à cheval, et crioit qu'on ſauvaſt le peuple et qu'on tuaſt les ſeigneurs; car de ceux n'echappoit nul, ou bien peu." See alſo p. 204.

P. 89.—*Armed with ronçies and javelins.*

The ronçie, ronçon, or ranſeur, reſembled the partizan,

from which it differed only in having a ſharper pointed blade with projecting curved ears at the ſides. V. Skelton's Illuſtrations of the Goodrich Court Armory.

P. 92.—*The prince of Anhalt.*

This was Rodolph, prince of Anhalt, one of the anceſtors of the celebrated Empreſs of Ruſſia, Catharine II.

P. 93. (1)—*The palace of the Queen of Cyprus.*

This palace belonged to Carlotta Cornaro, queen of Cyprus, who had abdicated in favour of the Republic, and had received in exchange the title of "daughter of St. Mark."

P. 93. (2)—*Where they were joined by the lord de Meillaut, a young French gentleman, ... with ſome twelve hundred adventurers.*

The adventurers were a ſort of irregular volunteers, collected by ſome gentleman who had no regular command, and who dubbed himſelf their captain. They conſiſted for the moſt part of all the idle diſſolute vagabonds and ragamuffins that could be found. They received no pay, but lived by plunder. Brantome gives a curious account of them; he ſays that they were dreſſed God knows how; more in the faſhion of gallows rogues than of honeſt men; ſome with ſo little clothing as to expoſe their hairy boſoms; others going bare legged, carrying their hoſe at their girdles. We may imagine the horrors of war in which ſuch a rabble were let looſe upon a country.

P. 123.—*They cut off their heads, which they ſtuck on the points of their eſtradiot lances, and ſaid they were not Chriſtians.*

" Puis leur couperent les teſtes qu'ilz picquoient au bout de leurs eſtradiotes."

The Eſtradiots or Stradiots were, in the firſt inſtance, Greek mercenary troops (Στρατιωτης). In later times light armed cavalry, equipped in the faſhion of ſuch Greek troops, were called Stradiots. They carried long lances of aſh, 18 or 20 feet long, and pointed with iron at each end, holding them by the middle of the ſhaft. Theſe were their proper weapons, and were often called *launcezagayes*, zagayes or arzegayes.

They were armed alſo with ſcimitars, which Philip de Comines calls *terribles épées*. Inſtead of vambraces and gauntlets, like the other light cavalry, they wore ſleeves and gloves of linked mail; and carried a mace at their ſaddle-bow. Their ſurcoats were ſhort and without ſleeves; and for their rallying enſign they carried a banderole attached to the end of a lance. On their heads they wore the ſalade, or ſteel cap, uſed by the archers. V. le Pere Daniel, *Hiſt. de la milice Françoiſe.*

Mr. Albert Way obſerves, " In the caſe in the text, the troops are ſtated to have been Albanians; and the term Eſtradiotes certainly means their peculiar lances, which were unlike any weapon then uſed in the other countries of Europe; and here denotes the lance which was the chief characteriſtic of theſe horſemen; much in the ſame way as weapons deviſed at Piſtoia were called *Piſtoleſi;* or the armour of the foot ſoldiers termed Brigantes was known by the name of *Brigandines.*"

Philip de Comines gives the following intereſting account

of the Eſtradiots, and of the origin of their cuſtom of cutting off the heads of their enemies. He is deſcribing a repulſe which the Mareſchal de Gié, who commanded the vanguard of Charles VIII.'s army, received previous to the battle of Fournoue, from a body of theſe troops, who appear to have been then new to the French:

" Encores juſqu'ici n'eſt point commençée la guerre de notre coté, mais le Mareſchal de Giè manda au Roi comme il avoit paſſè ces montagnes et comme il envoyoit quarante chevaux courir devant l'oſt des ennemis pour ſçavoir des nouvelles, leſquels furent bien recueillis des Eſtradiots; et tuerent un gentil homme appellé le Bœuf et lui couperent la teſte qu'ils pendirent à la banerolle d'une lance et la porterent à leur providateur pour en avoir un ducat. Eſtradiots ſont gens comme genetaires (ſee note p. 73) veſtus à pied et a cheval comme les Turcs, ſauf la tete, où ils ne portent cette toille qu'on appelle Tolliban; et ſont durs gens et couchent dehors tout l'an, et leurs chevaux. Ils etoient tous Grecs venus des places que les Venitiens y ont; les uns de Naples, de Romanie en la Morée, autres d'Albanie devers Duras; et ſont leurs chevaulx bons et tous de Turquie. Les Venitiens ſ'en ſervent fort et ſi fient. Je les avois tous vus deſcendre à Veniſe et faire leurs monſtres en une iſle où eſt l'Abbaye de Sainct Nicolas; et eſtoient bien quinze cens; et ſont vaillans hommes et qui fort travaillent un oſt quand ils ſ'y mettent.

" Les Eſtradiots chaſſerent comme j'ai dit juſqu'au logis du dit Mareſchal où eſtoient logès les Allemans, et en tuerent trois ou quatres et emporterent les teſtes; et telle eſtoit leur coutume, car ayant les Venitiens guerre contre le Turc, pere de ceſtui cy appellé Mahomet Otthoman, il ne vouloit point que ſes gens prinſent nuls priſonniers et leurs donnoit un ducat par teſte, et les Venitiens faiſoient le ſemblable. Et crois bien qu'ils vouloient epouvanter la compagnie, comme ils firent; mais les dits Eſtradiots ſe trouverent bien epouvantés

auſſi de l'artillerie; car un faulcon tira un coup qui tua un de leurs chevaulx, qui incontinent les fit retirer, car ils ne l'avoient point accoutumè."

P. 153.—*But who is the captain who will expoſe himſelf to their hacquebutes.*

This would be a ſingular queſtion for a modern commander to put to his officers. But in the early days of fire arms, it appears to have been conſidered no diſgrace for a knight to avoid facing the enemy's bullets. The hacquebute and hacquebouze, or arquebuſs, were the firſt fire arms with bent ſtocks; the latter appear to have been of the larger calibre. The *hacquebute à croc* was fired from a reſt which was attached to the barrel by an iron ring.

P. 196.—*The Duke of Suffolk called the White Roſe.*

He was of the family of de la Pole, and, being baniſhed from England, ſerved in the armies of the King of France. Henry VIII. conferred the title on Charles Brandon, who afterwards married his maſter's ſiſter Mary, widow of Louis XII.

P. 211. (1)—*The Lord de Guiſe.*

Claude de Lorraine, father of the Guiſes, who fomented ſuch troubles in ſubſequent reigns.

P. 211. (2)—*Grandebuffe.*

See note, p. 45.

P. 215.—I have here inſerted in the text, Champiers' account of the knighting of Francis I.; the "Loyal Serviteur," merely mentioning the fact.

P. 223.—*Made him a Knight of his order.*

This was the order of St. Michael.

P. 226.—*Armed with his vambraces.*

The vambrace, or avant-bras, was the armour for that part of the arm between the elbow and the wriſt; ſometimes called the *canon*. The rerebrace, or arrierebras, was the armour for that part between the ſhoulder and the elbow.

P. 229.—*Mouchos griſones y pocos Bayardos.*

"There are plenty of greys, but few bays;" a complimentary pun upon Bayard's name, which in Spaniſh ſignifies bay, or a bay horſe.

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